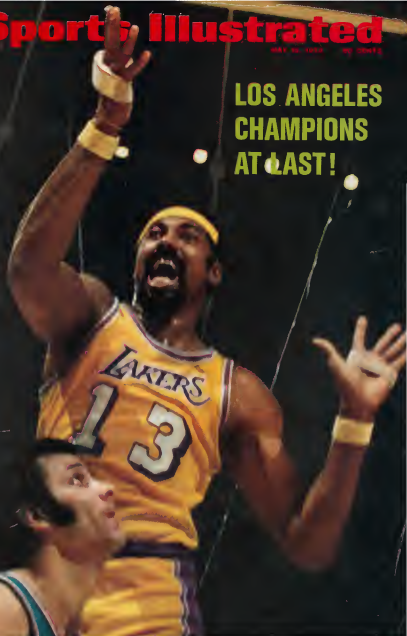


Sports Illustrated

MAY 16, 1984 \$4.50

**LOS ANGELES
CHAMPIONS
AT LAST!**





The de Tomaso Pantera. Around \$10,000.*

In Italy, men build cars with passion. One of them is Alejandro de Tomaso. And this is his car, Pantera. Conceived without compromise. A car so carefully built (it is virtually handmade) there will only be



2,500 made the first year. Mid-engined like a racing car. An ultra-high-performance sports coupe that stands a little higher than the average man's belt buckle, it seats two (and only two) and it's priced in the neighborhood of \$10,000.



Obviously, Pantera is for the few who demand something extraordinary.

The body designed by the world-famous Ghia Studios—is Italian craftsmanship at its highest level. Monocoque construction fuses the steel skin and frame into an incredibly strong and rigid structure.

The engine is a 351 CID, 4-barrel V-8 placed just ahead of the rear axle, which gives Pantera some huge advantages over conventional sports cars. Better vision forward. Less power-loss. Better weight distribution. And the tightest, most satisfying handling characteristics you've ever experienced.

All this is standard: air-conditioning, five forward speeds fully synchronized, independent suspension of all four



wheels, die-cast magnesium wheels, rack and pinion steering, power-boosted disc brakes—even an ingenious system to prevent you from inadvertently selecting the wrong gear while shifting. The de Tomaso Pantera



has to be one of the most impressive vehicles ever offered here at any price.

*Based on Manufacturer's suggested retail price. Excludes state and local taxes and destination charges.

Pantera by de Tomaso 
Imported for
Lincoln-Mercury

To locate your
nearest Pantera dealer,
call free, any hour, any day
800-631-1971.

In New Jersey,
800-962-2803.

LINCOLN • MERCURY



How a Lincoln agent gave Jake Thomas a short course in love.



Jake Thomas has a wife, and a little boy he calls Big Jake. He loves them. He works hard to keep them happy. But he was never sure what would happen to them, if anything should happen to him. Then a Lincoln National Life Insurance agent showed Jake how to make the future a more secure place for his family. The Lincoln man examined Jake's plans and hopes and finances. And he tailored a personal insurance program for Jake, in the Lincoln tradition of thoughtful human service. Making life insurance a gift of love. Our agents won't show you how to love your family more. But they can show you how to express the way you feel.



Lincoln National
THE INSURANCE COMPANY

We stand together for customers.
A Lincoln National corporation.

Six facts you won't read in an ad for any other steel belted radial tire.

1 THE PIRELLI CINTURATO CN 75 IS THE ONLY TIRE TO USE TRAC STEEL 21 - STEEL CORDS COMPRISED OF A VIRTUALLY UNHEARD OF NUMBER OF STEEL FILAMENTS

In the Cinturato steel belted radial, each steel cord is made up of 21 individual filaments.

We know of no other tire that uses that many. Although they should.

Because the more filaments of steel used in a cord, the greater the directional flexibility of the tire.

Or to put it in layman's terms, you get better traction, better handling and a more comfortable ride.

2 THE CN 75 IS THE ONLY TIRE TO COMBINE THE STRENGTH AND PROTECTION OF STEEL WITH THE EFFORTLESS HANDLING AND QUIET COMFORT OF TEXTILE

Because of its unique combination of "Trac-Steel 21" and rayon, the Pirelli Cinturato has handling and comfort characteristics not usually associated with steel belted tires.

This unique combination enables the Cinturato to corner, maneuver and grip the road like the treads of a tank.

Yet ride smoothly and silently. Without harshness. Without hum. Without vibration. On any surface. At any speed.

3 THE CN 75 IS THE ONLY TIRE THAT WAS NOT ONLY DESIGNED FOR AMERICAN CARS IT WAS TUNED TO THEM

Like many other steel belted radials, the Cinturato was designed for American car suspensions.

But then we at Pirelli put the Cinturato through a performance test. For over a million miles. Under all kinds of driving conditions.

We tested our tire on American roads. On virtually every class of American car. From the mini cars to the luxury cars to the high performance jobs.

Every aspect of the tire was tested. And if anything needed improving along the way, we improved it.

Before we introduced it to you.

4 BEFORE THE CN 75 WAS INTRODUCED, WE ROAD TESTED IT FOR OVER A MILLION MILES TO BE SURE WE COULD GUARANTEE YOU AT LEAST 40,000

Now don't think that every car we tested got 40,000 miles. Some only got 30,000. Some got over 50,000. (When you test under conditions as tough as we did there are bound to be variations.)

But we are sure we can guarantee you at least 40,000 miles. And there's something else different about Pirelli's guarantee.

While we strongly recommend that you check your front end, and do a few other things every 6,000 miles or so (for your own safety), we won't cancel your guarantee if you don't. As long as any problem is unrelated to a vehicle defect.

In other words, we didn't just guarantee our tire and hope you wouldn't read the fine print.

5 EVERY SINGLE CN 75 IS COMPLETELY X RAY INSPECTED AFFORDING US 100% QUALITY CONTROL

We at Pirelli have been making radials for over 20 years, and we know that a steel belted radial is very difficult to make. So we don't take any chances.

Each CN-75 is X-rayed. 100%.

Because we know that even if the slightest thing is wrong with the tire, the effect it could have on a car will be more than slight.

6 THE PIRELLI CINTURATO CN-75 NEVER HAS TO BE ROTATED

If you keep your car in reasonably good shape, tires properly inflated and wheels balanced, Pirelli Cinturatos will wear evenly.

The reason is that Cinturatos are so precisely built that it makes uneven wear virtually impossible.

So there's no need to rotate them.

See if any tire company will tell you *that* about their tire.

Or, for that matter, any of the other things we've mentioned.

PIRELLI
Steel Belted Radial Tires



GET A LITTLE MORE IN THE NAVY

MORE OF A JOB, MORE TRAINING:

The Navy can guarantee you your job (there's over 70 to choose from) or the Navy can guarantee you get to a school where you'll learn one.

MORE CHOICE—NEW 3 YEAR ENLISTMENT: You can come in for 6 years or 4 years or now, 3 years.

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MORE BREAD: New guys now earn \$288 a month. (Congress gave us a raise.)

MORE HAIR: You can wear a beard (nicely trimmed) if you want to. It's a Naval tradition; it's also a brand new Navy.

MORE FREEBIES: Besides free travel and free education and that \$288 a month, you get free food and free clothing and free housing and free health care and 30 paid vacation days per year.

TO GET A LITTLE MORE:

1. CALL THIS NUMBER:

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It's toll free and a real, live Navy recruiter will answer all your questions 24 hours a day, seven days a week. (In Washington, D.C., call: **433-2000**.)

2. OR SEE YOUR NAVY MAN.

He's listed in your phone book under U.S. Government, Navy, Dept. of.

3. OR SEND IN THIS COUPON.

Send To: Captain Donald E. Oglevee
Building 157, Fourth Floor,
Washington Navy Yard,
Washington, D.C. 20390

I want to know more about:

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☐ I don't want to wait. Call me now! My phone number () .)

NAME _____ AGE _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

Singin' in the rain.

Or heat. Or cold. Those are some of the things the TFM-8100W was made for. Because it's rubber sealed to resist moisture. It can even be knocked down by the wind. Because the heavy-duty, special plastic cabinet is unbreakable.

What's more, this 3-band (FM/AM/VHF weather, 162.55 mc) portable has the newly developed Sony Light Emitting Diode. It's an indicator, right in the tuning needle, that helps you tune the radio by brightening to red when a sta-

tion is properly tuned.

There's a collapsible antenna. A shoulder strap. And a fine, rich sound (but that's nothing new for us).

So next time you plan to spend a lot of time outdoors, take the Sony all-weather portable along. And you'd better take a raincoat, just in case.

Nothing will happen to the radio. But we wouldn't want you to catch cold.

The SONY All-Weather Radio.



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Next week

THE MAY POLE at Indy and who's on it this time? Andreu, Revson, Leonard, Bettenhausen, Danahue. Unser at Unser? Bob Jones reports on the first week of qualifying.

WITH A WARY EYE on the peace that has broken out in the unsettled world of tennis, Curry Kirkpatrick covers the WCT finals in Dallas where a heady \$100,000 is at stake.

MEET THE MURRAYS of Miami—Mom, Pop, 10 kids, two Saint Bernards and a Mexican harem. Sport may be their game but living is their art. Dan Levin limns the whole ménage.



MANHATTAN TO THE TOWER GUARDS FROM THE KOBRAND COLLECTION

One of England's great traditions.
Beefeater, The Gin of England.



FROM ENGLAND BY KOBRAND N.Y. 94 PROOF 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS

To honor the 200th birthday of
Time-Life Records presents

BEETHOVEN

Listen to the first six Beethoven Symphonies recorded by the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra
under the direction of Herbert von Karajan for 10 DAYS FREE!
(And get a magnificent Beethoven book free if you decide to keep the album!)

Surprise that, tomorrow, a caretaker in Vienna opened a long-forgotten trunk and found in it a completely unknown work by Ludwig van Beethoven.

What excitement there would be! It would be like finding a new play by Shakespeare, a new painting by Leonardo da Vinci.

Recording companies would make astronomical bids for the new work, radio and television stations would build entire programs around it, sales of music scores would rocket! Every man, woman and child in the western world would want to hear the new masterpiece. And own a recording of it!

Of course no such find has been made. Nevertheless, a substantial part of Beethoven's great work remains unknown to many music lovers—including some of the world's most confirmed and rabid and dedicated and staunch Beethoven lovers (And, naturally, every music lover is a Beethoven lover!)

That is why Time-Life Records has joined with the famous Deutsche Grammophon Gesellschaft recording company of Germany to present a definitive collection of Beethoven's works.

Some years ago, Deutsche Grammophon Gesellschaft embarked upon an historic project. Looking forward to the 200th anniversary of Beethoven's birthday, they set out to put together the most comprehensive collection of Beethoven recordings ever assembled. No company was better equipped to accomplish this ambitious task, for DGG is widely regarded as one of the finest recording companies in the world—the standard by which other companies are often judged.

When word of this unique collection reached Time-Life Records we moved fast. Working closely with DGG, our people reviewed these

records, the German experts had selected as truly representative of Beethoven's work. Then they selected the ones they felt would be best received by music lovers in America.

The result—the magnificent BEETHOVEN CENTENNIAL COLLECTION. It presents the master at his incomparable best. The nine symphonies alone, which with 10 overtures make up Albums I and II, have already won the Grand Prix du Disque (Paris), the world's most coveted award for recording artistry and quality!

**Pay only \$16.95* for Album I—
if you decide to keep it.**

Listen to Album I—the first six of the nine symphonies—for ten days free without risking so much as a penny! See if you don't agree that this is the greatest bargain in the history of classical recordings!

Just send us the attached card and we will enroll you as a subscriber. You will then receive five 12-inch LP stereo records each individually packaged in a polyethylene sleeve and all housed in a double-aligcase. You can play these records on modern monaural equipment too. The BEETHOVEN CENTENNIAL COLLECTION is sold only by mail, and only through Time-Life Records. And, thanks to our large volume of sales, your cost per record is far lower than comparable records sold in record stores—even lower than those sold in most discount stores! The selections in your first album, all performed by the great Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra under Herbert von Karajan are:

Symphony No. 1 in C Major—The lyrical creation that ushered in a bold, romantic era of innovation.

Symphony No. 2 in D Major—One of the brightest of the master's works, filled with fire.

Symphony No. 3 in E-flat Major—The mighty, heroic work which was Beethoven's own favorite.

Symphony No. 4 in B-flat Major—Humorous and tender, reflecting a happy period in Beethoven's life.

Symphony No. 5 in C Minor—The most famous symphony ever written, it begins in grim struggle and ends in exultant victory.

Symphony No. 6 in F Major—The "Pastoral" is inspired musical painting, with its murmuring brooks, thunderstorms and rustic dancing.

SPECIAL BONUS! Lovers of Overture No. 3—the most famous of the overtures to "Fidelio." Its trumpet calls are unforgettable.

Addition the complete Centennial Collection without any obligation.

But this album is only the beginning! As a subscriber you receive subsequent albums that will bring a rich feast of Beethoven at his best: the rest of the Nine Symphonies—Overtures and the Orchestral Pieces—Concertos—the great Piano Works—Music for the Stage—Choral Music—String Quartets—Chamber Music—Music for Violin and Cello.

You will hear pianist Wilhelm Kempff, violinists David Oistrakh and Yehudi Menuhin, the Vienna Symphony Orchestra, the Amsterdam Quartet—and other renowned artists in the Beethoven Centennial Collection.

These future Beethoven albums, issued at approximately two-month intervals, will be sent to you to audition and examine. You may return or accept any of these you choose. There is absolutely no obligation to buy a minimum number.

In the history of music, there has never been
a man like Ludwig van Beethoven.

"Before the name
of Beethoven we
must all bow in
reverence!"

Giuseppe Verdi

"The impetuous
fury of his strength,
which he could
quite easily contain
and control, but
often would not,
and the spontaneity
of his fan, go
beyond anything
of the kind to be found
in the work of other
composers."

George Bernard Shaw

"Dante [is] the great Italian
Shakespeare, the great English-
man Beethoven, the great Ger-
man." Victor Hugo

"He developed [the symphony] to
its highest point, making for it what
Beethoven did for painting."

Arthur Schnitzler
Metropolitan Opera Conductor



"He was ugly and
half crazy."

Margherita Holmann

"In meeting his
proposal."

"The great mas-
titude of all times."

On Donizetti
Ferdinand Hiller

"He has never
heard anything,
and he can do no-
thing in decent
style."

Alfred Schlegel

His music teaches us to

"No composer has ever melted his
listeners into complete sentimentality
by the beauty of his music, and
then suddenly turned on them
and shocked them with derisive
trumpet blasts for being such
fools."

George Bernard Shaw
"He was a Titan, wrestling with
the gods." Richard Wagner

Never before have there been records like these!



Conductor
Herbert von
Karajan.

The Saturday Review
called him the
most famous
conductor in Europe
and "perhaps the
finest [conductor]
of his
generation."

von Karajan,
who conducts
the last
nine
symphonies, is equally at home in
the great opera houses of the world
and on the concert podiums of
Europe and America. As a Beethoven interpreter, he achieves the
grand tradition of Toscanini, Furtwängler and Bruno Walter.

The Berlin Philharmonic, it has
been named "among the world's
finest symphony orchestras" by
TIME Magazine. Perhaps no other
orchestra in the world can perform
Beethoven with such depth of in-
terpreting and technical virtuosity.

The *Kreiszeitung*, Deutsche Grammophon Gesellschaft, A. S. N. has
said, "At Deutsche Grammophon
quality is not a philosophy; it is an
obsession." Small wonder, then,
that the nine symphonies in the
Beethoven Centennial Collection
have already won the famed Grand
Prix du Disque (Paris). Deutsche
Grammophon's concern with a
living performance, extends all
along the melodic, articulate pro-
cess of recording. The results are
heard on every Deutsche Grammophon
recording—hailed by connoisseurs
as among the world's best.



"the great musician of all time"
the magnificent and definitive

BEETHOVEN BICENTENNIAL COLLECTION

Audition Vol. 1, the first
six symphonies plus the
Lento Overture No. 3 for
10 days FREE. Then pay only

\$16⁹⁵*

if you decide to keep it
*Plus shipping and handling



The Beethoven Bicentennial Collection

This epoch-making collection has been assembled by Deutsche Grammophon Gesellschaft and Time-Life Records. It brings you Beethoven at his best in magnificent stereo recordings featuring world-renowned conductors and artists including Herbert von Karajan, Wilhelm Furtwängler, David Oistrakh, Yehudi Menuhin, the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, the Vienna Symphony Orchestra, the Amsterdam Quartet—and other outstanding artists.

By responding now you gain a unique opportunity to listen to Vol. 1 for 10 days free. If you decide to keep it you pay only the low \$16.95* price. Or you may return the album and book and owe nothing.

At approximately two-month intervals, subsequent albums will be offered at the same low price and free audition privilege. There is never any obligation for you to purchase additional albums—and no maximum number you must accept.

But here is a unique opportunity for you and your family to sample the very best by the incomparable Beethoven.

The Beethoven Bicentennial Collection Includes:

SYMPHONIES AND OVERTURES
CONCERTOS
PIANO SONATAS
MUSIC FOR THE STAGE
CHORAL MUSIC
STRING QUARTETS
MUSIC FOR PIANO
CHAMBER MUSIC
MUSIC FOR VIOLIN AND CELLO
FOLK MUSIC
MARCHES

*Plus shipping and handling

\$29.50 Beethoven Book (free with purchase of first six symphonies!)

Beethoven lovers will revel in this big, exquisitely designed and printed book that covers the master and his work in fascinating detail.

Both text and pictures were prepared in cooperation with the famed Beethoven Archive in Germany. It includes much material that had never been available to the public before!

It will be shipped to you free when you order Album 1 of the Beethoven Bicentennial Collection. And it is yours to keep—free—if you decide to keep the record album.

Here is just a sampling of the riches this superb volume contains:

- An absorbing chronicle of Beethoven's life and times.
- Authoritative essays and discussions of every aspect of his work.
- Reproductions of the original scores of many of Beethoven's greatest compositions, written and annotated in his own hand.
- An illuminating article on Beethoven's way of life and character.
- And much, much more!



Book measures
13 1/2" x 12 1/2" inches.
275 pages and
150 color plates.

DORAL STARS IN THE SILENTS



Come, rule the desert
with me.

*No! No! A thousand
times no!*



♪ "taste me"
"taste me" ♪



Who dares to
sing in the tent
of the Sheik?

*That's my Doral—
the low "tar" and
nicotine cigarette.*



Low "tar" and
nicotine... a funny-
looking filter...
and taste too?
A mirage!

Taste one, Sheik!



Noble taste! Come,
rule the desert
with me!

Yes, my Sheik!

Not you...
your Doral!



The filter system you'd
need a scientist to explain
but Doral says it in
two words, "Taste me!"

menthol



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

filter



FILTER 14 mg "tar", 0.9 mg nicotine MENTHOL 14 mg "tar", 1.0 mg nicotine, av. per cigarette FTC Report AUG '92

Cochiti.

It's an American Indian word. In fact, it's an Indian tribe. For the last thousand years, the Cochiti have lived in the high country of Northeastern New Mexico on a beautiful piece of land that has almost everything: volcanic mountains, abrupt canyons, forests, rivers, wildlife.

Now it's going to have it all.

North of Albuquerque, New Mexico, near where the Santa Fe River and The Rio Grande come together, the United States Army Corps of Engineers is building the world's tenth largest earth fill dam. When they're done, a lake will happen. Cochiti Lake.

It's the largest construction project in New Mexico's history. The dam and the reservoir and the marina will cost more than seventy million dollars.

The Cochiti have a partner helping them master plan and develop an entirely new kind of recreational community at Cochiti Lake.

The partner's name is Great Western Cities. They share the Cochiti's philosophy: either do it right or leave the land alone.

There are model homes to see now at Cochiti Lake. Vacation homes. Spacious luxury homes. Spectacular townhouses that look like they were born there. Some of the first families are building already. The swim center and tennis courts, the campsites and picnic

areas will be done this Summer. Everywhere you look you see the fresh signs of change.

Maybe you'll want to invest in Cochiti Lake. You can't buy a homesite there because the Indians own the land, and they always will. But you can lease it for the next 96 years. (More than two thousand families have already chosen homesites at Cochiti Lake.) Maybe you'd like to visit there. It's a beautiful part of the world: Santa Fe is one of the oldest, most charming cities in America. There's super skiing at Taos. Albuquerque is growing every day.

There are great universities and enough history to keep you busy for another thousand years.

Don't you owe it to yourself to find out more about Cochiti Lake? It's easy enough to do. There are 4 Cochiti Lake offices in the Chicago

area. Call us at 312-297-1540. Cochiti Lake. It's easy to remember. It's the place where the Indians won.



Cochiti Lake.

Great Western Cities Inc., 118 Adams Street, N.E.
Albuquerque, New Mexico 87106

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Introducing the new Vanishing Wildlife checking account from National Boulevard Bank. Each check has a beautiful color illustration of one of our endangered species.

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Open your Vanishing Wildlife checking account today. Call, visit, or write a Personal Banking Officer at National Boulevard—the only bank to offer this unique plan. You'll be helping the balance of nature while you balance your budget.

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Photographed in the Highlands outside Dufftown, Scotland.



This wee beastie knew the secret of Grant's 8 Scotch before the Grants did.

In 1885 Major William Grant was looking for a special kind of place to build his new Scotch distillery, with spring water clearer and fresher than anyone else's.

Then someone told him about Robbie Dubh's spring, in the village of Dufftown, where the rugged Highland cattle grazed. For years they had it all to themselves.

The water was perfect. So the Major bought the land, moved the Highland cattle to a new pasture of their own and soon was making the best Scotch whisky you could buy.

Today the icy fresh water of Robbie Dubh's spring is still part of Grant's 8 Scotch. It still helps create the smooth, light, balanced flavor that's mellowed to perfection for eight full years.

And Major Grant's great-grandchildren still give this special blend of Highland and other fine whiskies the kind of personal care and attention that only a family-owned and family-operated business can offer.

That's the secret of Grant's 8 Scotch. And you share it every time you open a bottle.



Grant's 8 Scotch: share our family secret.

Blended Scotch Whisky 86 Proof. ©1972 William Grant & Sons, Inc., N.Y. Importers. Bottled in Scotland.

The Los Angeles Expressway

Continental Airlines we take a good deal of pride in being the leader in having made life easier and better for business travelers. But we've never been prouder than we are today in introducing the Los Angeles Expressway. It's the new approach to traveling between Los Angeles and Los Angeles. Our thinking is this: an important businessman you've got more important things to worry about than your flight, your gate number, your bags, your seat or your diet. Try it once and you'll never go back to "flying" again.

[illegible]

The Los Angeles Expressway
only on
CONTINENTAL AIRLINES 

Start your endless vacation this summer. Lake Geneva's Abbey Springs.

Get in on the Abbey Springs "buy now—enjoy-this-summer" plan, before our last available Section I sites are sold out.

You can buy one of our homesites (from \$8,000). Or one of our resort condominiums (from \$24,000).

Start building now.

And get ready to move in for the summer fun.

Wile away your weeks with tennis. We'll have year-round courts this season.

Boating and swimming. We've got beautiful Lake Geneva for you to splash around in. Enjoy an indoor and outdoor pool.

Enjoy golf. We've got one of the most challenging and interesting courses you've ever played.

And you can do it all on your own doorstep, right on the Abbey Springs grounds.

Live here this summer. This fall. Next winter. Next spring.

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YOU DON'T CHANGE A CLASSIC. YOU PRESERVE IT.

UNCOMPROMISED. UNCHANGED.
UNCHALLENGED.

Old Fitzgerald Bottled-in-Bond is the Kentucky sour mash Bourbon that has remained unchanged by time. Unchallenged by competition.

This is Bourbon in its authentic, classic form. Handmade, 100 proof, 6 years old.

If you are a Bourbon drinker, it's your kind of flavor.

Rich and full, yet smooth and mellow, with a sophisticated, genteel warmth. The kind of flavor that's only possible in 100 proof—and only after 6 slow years aging in the wood.

Don't compromise with your Bourbon.

We didn't.

Old Fitzgerald is made, aged and bottled in the country's oldest family-owned distillery. By people who are proud to make Bourbon only. And, prouder still to make it right.



"We make fine Bourbon...at a profit if we can, at a loss if we must, but always fine Bourbon."

John F. Sittler, Jr. President & proprietor

OLD FITZGERALD BOTTLED-IN-BOND. 100 PROOF FOR FLAVOR.

Old Fitzgerald Bottled-in-Bond, 100 Proof, and Old Fitzgerald Prime Bourbon, 86.8 Proof, are always made and bottled by Sittler-Weller, America's oldest family distillery. Estab. 1849 in Old Louisville, Kentucky.



The two family car.

The great American dream used to be two cars in every garage. But INTERNATIONAL changed all that with the new SCOUT II.

The new Scout II lets you be two families in one (weekday and weekend).

All week long the Scout II works just like the rest of your weekday family—going to the station, supermarket, cleaners and school. And that's where the

fold down rear seat for extra carrying space comes in mighty handy. Of course, so does the smooth ride and optional creature comforts like automatic transmission, air conditioning, power steering and power brakes.

But come the weekend, the Scout II is as ready to play as the rest of your weekend family.

The Scout II loves to go fishing, skiing, hunting, camping or just exploring.

And with four-wheel drive you'll discover a lot of fun begins where the road ends.

So when you stop and think about it, you really don't need two cars do you?

In fact, you don't need a car.

You need a Scout II.

The one for both of your families.

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MATCH MADE IN HEAVEN

Everybody should have been happy when hockey's Super Bowl on ice, a dream match between NHL stars and Russia's veteran state amateurs, was scheduled for this coming September. Four games in Canada, four more in Russia, and that would answer the long-standing question: Is Russia, winner of three straight Olympic titles and nine straight world championships (before being upset by the Czechs in March), equal to the National Hockey League's best?

Players generally were excited by the prospect. "I'd love to play," said Brad Park of the New York Rangers. "It's a hell of an idea." Derek Sanderson of the Boston Bruins said, "Anytime, anywhere, any rink and under any conditions." Red Berenson, president of the NHL players' association, said he thought most of his colleagues would feel honored to be a part of the team. "It's love of the game," he said. "We represent the best hockey in the world. It would be the NHL vs. international hockey."

But several NHL owners were vigorously opposed to letting their stars play in the games, ostensibly because they fear the possibility of disabling injury. "No way!" said Boston's Weston Adams Jr. when asked if he would give permission for Bobby Orr and Phil Esposito to appear against the Russians. The St. Louis Blues took a similar stand, and Punch Imlach, crissy coach of the Buffalo Sabres, attempted to deflate the entire idea by growling, "Besides, we're playing the wrong team. The Czechs are the world champions."

Technically, yes. But not really. The Russians are the team the pros want to meet. Let them play. It will be fun to watch and a stimulus for hockey.

BLIP

The University of Minnesota's film highlights of the 1971-72 basketball season, in which Minnesota won its first undisputed Big Ten championship in 53 years, does not include anything on its Jan. 25th game with Ohio State.

BEAR MARKET

Another low spot for Minnesota is its financial situation. Athletic Director Paul Giel says that next year his department may have to ask the Minnesota legislature for financial aid. Giel feels that any expected increase in football

attendance will not put much of a dent in a current deficit of \$300,000, and it might not even be enough to take care of anticipated increases in expenses, including coaches' salaries. Years ago, big-time college sport was not only financially independent, it supported other activities as well. In 1937 Minnesota's athletic department contributed \$100,000 toward the building of the campus student union, and it was the financial angel of the physical education department. Now physical education is separate from intercollegiate sport and is supported directly by the university administration.

Giel's headache is one shared by athletic directors in many schools, where even winning football and basketball teams, with concomitant high attendance, are not paying their own way.

DOWN TO THE SEA

The University of Pennsylvania crew had a slight lead over Harvard and Navy in the halfway point in its 2,000-meter race last Saturday and might have gone on to victory except for a technical problem. Its boat sank. The shell, a brand-new one, had been christened before the race in honor of Joe Burk, the old Penn single sculls star and former crew coach who came all the way to Philadelphia from his retirement home in Arizona for the occasion. The ceremony went calmly but the river was rough and a fabric cover over the forward deck let go. The Penn oarsmen rowed on gallantly for a bit, but when water began swirling around their ankles they gave up and went down with the ship.

The crew, which had been confident of victory, surfaced wet, frustrated and angry. Burk, more philosophical, said, "Maybe we shouldn't have used champagne at the christening."

CON AND PRO

College football, which has come in for considerable criticism lately, received mixed reviews this week. One of the ques-

tions in a survey of 70 members of the University of North Carolina squad by Offensive Tackle George Simpson, a journalism and psychology major, asked whether the players would stay in football if they were not receiving grants-in-aid. Of the 44 who answered the survey, a surprising 38 said no, and only three said yes. A majority complained that the college game was too "professionalized" and offered comments like, "Coaches are paranoid over winning games" and "There is no concern for the welfare, especially academically, of the players." Others said, "Football is no fun" and "Football takes up too much time."

A far more positive reaction to the game comes from the University of Tex-



as, where a reunion of the 1963 national champions disclosed some interesting postfootball accomplishments. Of the 47 men who won letters in 1963, 44 went on to receive their degrees from the university. Several continued studies for advanced degrees, and two are still attending graduate school.

Eight of the lettermen became lawyers. One became a bank president. Among the others are an architect, an

continued

engineer, a mathematics professor, a New York investment banker and the mayor of Hondo, Texas.

NANDICAP

The prognosis on Gene Littler, who underwent surgery for cancer last month, appears to be excellent. A malignant tumor was taken from his left arm, but lymph nodes, later removed, showed no further evidence of cancer. What is of immediate concern now to Littler, who is noted for the graceful smoothness of his swing, is the damage that the surgery did to the nerves and muscles of his arm. He has been receiving therapy three times a week but says, "I can do a few things I couldn't do a few weeks ago, but getting into competitive shape is going to take a long time. It's as though I'm speaking English to a foreign arm." He does not expect to play tournament golf this year.

Despite this, Littler, as you might expect from such a man, is in excellent spirits and says he feels fine. A real pro.

ON CAMERA

The Munich Olympics will see a departure in the method of handling the traditional Olympic movie. Heretofore, it has always been an individual responsibility, and the individual has been a native of the host country. This time David Wolper, Hollywood producer, will be in charge, and 10 directors from 10 countries will do segments of the final film. The directional cast is exceptional: Claude Lelouch of France, Milos Forman of Czechoslovakia, Ken Ichikawa of Japan, Yuri Ozerov of the Soviet Union, Arthur Penn of the U.S., John Schlesinger of Great Britain, Franco Zeffirelli of Italy, Goustan Sembene of Senegal and Mai Zetterling of Sweden. A German director is still to be named.

Stan Margulies, co-producer for Wolper Pictures, says, "Each man—or better make that director, since Zetterling is a woman—will interpret the part of the Games that interests him most. Arthur Penn will concentrate on Bobby Lee Hunter, the South Carolina convict and prospective Olympic boxer [page 64]. Ichikawa, who did the entire 1964 film at Tokyo, will focus on the 100-meter dash. Mai Zetterling will do weight lifters, Sembene the role of the emerging African nations, and so on. There is no story, no shooting script, no continuity established. All that will come

when the shooting is over, when each director is finished."

Wolper got the idea for doing the Olympics a year ago when he was in Germany finishing his film *Willy Wonka & the Chocolate Factory*. He was curious as to who might be doing the Olympic movie, inquired and found out nothing had yet been decided. The organizing committee had several applicants but had accepted none of them.

Back in California, Wolper and company mulled things and came up with the 10-director concept. "We went back to the Organizing Committee," says Margulies, "explained our idea and got the rights. I believe one of the things that clinched it for us was that we did not ask for a subsidy. Everyone else who applied did. All we wanted was the right to film the Games. They would put up nothing. We would use that good old American risk capital and gamble with our dough."

The film is budgeted for \$2 million and is expected to be released early in 1973. "It's a project you dream about," says Margulies.

INSIDE OUT

This sounds as if it came straight from Alice in Wonderland. In Texas Stadium this Friday college hands are playing four 15-minute quarters, sandwiched around a halftime show featuring the Dallas Cowboys. Shall we run that through again? Braniff International airlines is putting up \$25,000 in movie scholarship funds for a contest among bands from Grambling, Jackson State, Southern University and Bishop College of Dallas. Each band is on the field for 15 minutes. At halftime a squad of Cowboys led by Roger Staubach meets another squad led by Craig Morton in a 20-minute game of flag football, a variation of touch. Then back to the serious business of march, tootle and strut.

Almost makes you wish the football season hadn't ended so soon.

BROKEN FIELD RUNNER

Or did the football season ever end? Just the other day a contest that was classic in certain respects was played during Kansas State's spring practice. Before an intrasquad game, Head Coach Vince Gibson asked Bob Hentzen of the Topeka *Capital-Journal* to coach the White team and David Wright of the Manhattan *Mercury* to coach the Par-

ple side. It worked out beautifully for Gibson, who wanted to give the newspapermen a taste of what it is like to be a coach under pressure. With seven minutes to go, the underdog White squad scored a touchdown to narrow the score to 16-15. Now Acting Coach Hentzen had to make a quick decision: play it safe and go for a one-point kick and the tie, or gamble on a two-point conversion that could give him the lead. Hentzen opted for the kick, and when the game ended 16-16 he was sternly questioned by erstwhile associates in the sporting press who implied that he was chicken. With coachly aplomb, Hentzen said not at all. "There was plenty of time left," he rationalized in the way of countless coaches before him. "All afternoon we had showed our ability to move the ball. I was sure we could score again."

A washy-washy answer, charged a reporter from Hentzen's own paper. And later Hentzen confessed that he had not been all that keen about winning anyway, especially since he had heard the victorious coach would be shoved into a shower. Besides, he argued, gathering momentum, it would have hurt Kansas State's morale if its favored Purple squad had lost the game.

There is a man with a future. Anybody need an adroit head coach?

THEY SAID IT

- Spiro Agnew, after he was grazed by a tennis ball hit by his partner in a doubles match: "They never tell about it when I get hit."
- Jack Kelly, president of the AAU, on rules governing amateur sport: "If every illegal sex act were policed properly, 75% of the population would have been in jail. The same goes for amateur athletes. There are few world class amateurs left in any sport."
- Elrod Hendricks, Baltimore Oriole catcher, using 250-pound Boog Powell and the team's portly trainer Ralph Salvon as measuring sticks to describe his spacious living quarters: "Me and Cuel-lar's room is big enough to sleep three Boogs and two Ralphs."
- Frank Robinson, Los Angeles Dodger outfielder, on his secret ambition: "I'd really like to be an Indy driver. I'm serious. I'm intrigued by the speed and skill involved. But considering my age and lack of experience, I guess I'll never be able to be one."

END

Getting out the car is one thing.
Getting into the car is another.

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CATCH ME IF YOU CAN

But they couldn't, as the favorite, Riva Ridge, led the herd of horses in the Kentucky Derby round the circle in a dizzying wire-to-wire performance, the likes of which has not been seen in years by **WHITNEY TOWER**



There were people who called it the Consolation Classic, because—for one reason or another—several of the nation's best colts were not taking part. Nor, it seemed, were the best riders. Shoemaker, Pincay, Hartack, Baeza, Belmonte and Cordero were elsewhere. Taking their place in the 98th Kentucky Derby were men with unfamiliar names: Kosenko, Leeling, Rubbico, Breen. But last Saturday afternoon at Churchill Downs the 3-to-2 favorite, Riva Ridge, won with such style and flair that he transformed a lackluster event into a true classic. He led from wire to wire, which few Derby winners have dared do (the last to manage it was Kasai

King in 1966), and finished an impressive $3\frac{1}{2}$ lengths ahead of No Le Huce. The one colt that tried to run all the way with the winner, Hold Your Peace, ended up a discouraged third.

Riva Ridge was the choice of the record crowd of 130,564, and with good reason. Last season he was the nation's top 2-year-old, winning seven of his nine starts, and at three he still appeared the best of his generation. His trainer, Lucien Laurin, had been criticized for limiting the colt's pre-Derby efforts to three races, but Laurin said no one knew Riva Ridge better than he did.

For all Laurin's obvious confidence, there were those who expected an up-

set. Perhaps even a replay of Canonero's astounding triumph last year. The focus of considerable attention was Canonero's trainer, Juan Arias, who had returned to Louisville with an undistinguished colt named Hassi's Image. Even Canonero's jockey, Gustavo Avila, was back, and this time he had a mount on a Puerto Rican import, Pacallo. Despite these colts' depressing past performances, some dreamers in the hot and sweaty throng believed another Latin victory possible.

More logical was the support for the Hamingo Stakes winner, Hold Your Peace, especially after he breezed home in front by five lengths in a Derby prep.

continued

The winner (far left) led in front unchallenged except by Hold Your Peace (blue blinkers, red cap), who was not in the picture at the end.





Trainer Arnold Winick declared he would not be running the colt unless he felt the horse had a chance. And when Key to the Mint (SI, April 19) captured the one-mile Derby Trial just four days before the Derby, Trainer Elliott Burch appeared to have a worthy challenger. But Burch, who is America's foremost trainer of classic colts, was reluctant to put this 3-year-old, only recently recovered from a leg injury, to the Derby test. "He is too good a horse to take chances with," Burch explained. "There is a long season ahead. Besides, Key to the Mint hasn't the proper foundation for the race that the other Derby starters have. I used to think the Trial was too close to the Derby itself, but looking back I found that Calumet Farm used it with great success. Six of its eight Derby winners started in the Trial. Lately I have watched trainers pass up the Trial only to put an even more rugged work into their horse the following day. So who is to say which approach is best? And when is a horse seasoned enough—or too seasoned? I do know in Key to the Mint's case that he is not sufficiently prepared, so I have decided to wait and run him in the Preakness instead."

With Burch's promising colt out of the running, there was discussion of other ways of defeating Riva Ridge. It was said his jockey might do him in. Canadian-born Lucien Laurin has always been partial to Canadian-born rider Ron Turcotte. Sentiment is a fine thing and at Derby time it has its place, along with aged bourbon and *My Old Kentucky Home*. And loyalty is always applaudable. But many in Louisville last week recalled Turcotte's ill-judged Derby ride on Tom Rolfe in 1965, when he drove the colt into a dead end on the rail. In addition, Turcotte had been much criticized for his handling of Damascus in the 1968 Strub Stakes at Santa Anita. Some sportswriters and horsemen

went so far as to suggest that Turcotte do his sleeping in bed instead of during \$100,000 stakes races. The Canadian became so furious at his critics that he threatened at least one turf writer. But this year's Derby demonstrated that Turcotte has developed into a confident and skilled rider. His performance on Riva Ridge was admirable and the strategy was of his own devising. Laurin had told the jockey, "Use your own judgment." Prior to the race the two men had discussed the apparent lack of early speed in the field. "That won't bother me," Turcotte declared, "because Riva Ridge will do what I want any time during the race."

"I don't like my riders fighting to hold back their horses," Laurin said. "Riva may go to the front if he's running easy, but there's usually some bum in this race who will go barreling to the front because his owner has been bragging to friends. 'There, I told you my horse could get to the front in the Kentucky Derby.'"

Two hours before post time Laurin joined friends for a final pre-Derby morale booster, and as he drained his glass he admitted nervously, "I'm scared because everything is coming up too perfect. There is almost no speed, I know, so the way I see it Hold Your Peace will take the lead. But I can't let him steal it, can I? It's a long way home from the half-mile pole. One of us will be fit enough to make it and one of us won't. Unless, of course, another horse comes along and knocks us both off when we are not looking."

When the gate finally clanged open, it was apparent that Lucien Laurin's trust in Ron Turcotte was well placed, and a little over two minutes later the 31-year-old onetime pee-wee lumberjack was being acclaimed for a faultless ride. Both he and Riva Ridge did absolutely everything right. The only incident, if it can even be termed an incident, in the mile-and-a-quarter race—which chart caller Bud Lyon declared was the cleanest-run Derby in 15 years—occurred at the break. Hassa's Image, coming out of No. 11 stall, veered to the left and bumped into long-shot Pacalio, who in turn rammed Riva Ridge. But the bump was inconsequential. The son of First Landing recovered in a hurry and took off down the middle of the long homestretch. To Turcotte's left was Carlos Marquez on Hold Your Peace, and when

he did not hustle his horse into the lead as expected, Turcotte decided to take command of the situation. "I wanted to lay about third going into that first turn," the jockey said later, "but my colt was running so easy that I took advantage of my position and went out on the lead. I never once had to get into Riva after that." Turcotte stayed wide most of the trip, to avoid the more cuppy and tiring rail surface. Riva Ridge and Hold Your Peace turned up the backstretch, separated by only a length and a half. The closest threat was a field horse named Majestic Needle, and Hassa's Image was not too far away. No Le Haze at this point was a non-menacing fifth, with Freetex sixth. Around the half-mile pole Marquez made his first futile run at Riva Ridge, but the colt just moved into higher gear. The pair of contenders pulled off eight lengths ahead of the field,

Ron Turcotte comes up smiling this race.



their opposition all but forgotten. As they neared the quarter pole and the turn for the run home, Hold Your Peace once more tried to pass his rival, but Riva Ridge surged again. As he did he drifted wide and Hold Your Peace, who had been making his challenge from Riva's right flank, changed course, darted to the inside and dug in for the ultimate test. The pursuit was fruitless. No Le Haze, doing the only serious running of the others, had moved up to third at the quarter pole, and began narrowing the distance between himself and the leaders. Riva Ridge held a safe three-length margin at the eighth pole and increased that slightly in the final furlong, while coasting home effortlessly to collect his \$140,000 and the gold cup. No Le Haze overlooked a tiring Hold Your Peace to win second money (\$25,000) by 3½ lengths. Following Hold Your Peace, and with not an excuse among the lot, were Introductory, Sensitive Music, Freetex, Big Spruce, Head of the River, Big Brown Bear, Kentuckian, Hassi's Image, Majestic Needle, Our Trade Winds, Napouse, Dr. Needle and, finally, in the reverse position from where he found himself just a year ago, Gustavo Avila on Pacaljo.

For the family of Christopher T. Chenery, the victory seemed long overdue. "It took us 22 years to get here," said Owner Penny Tweedy, speaking for her ailing 81-year-old father, older brother Hollis B. Chenery and sister Mrs. Margaret Carmichael. "We're glad to have finally made it." They had brought three Derby favorites to Churchill Downs (First Landing in 1959, Sir Gaylord in 1962 and Riva Ridge) and one second-favorite (Hill Prince in 1950) and at long last they had a winner.

What is remarkable is that all the Derby horses (and the great race mare Citeda) that have appeared in the past two decades in the blue-and-white-block Chenery silks were raised at the family stud in Doswell, Va. From only 16 or 17 foals a year the Chenerys are continuing to produce astonishingly high-quality stock. For instance, in addition to Riva Ridge they have the homebred 3-year-old Upper Case, winner of the Florida Derby and Wood Memorial. This son of Round Table will run as an entry with Riva in the remaining classics. Because he seemed relatively backward, he was not entered in the Kentucky Derby when nominations closed for the race

in February, a decision that some racing people felt Penny Tweedy might regret. But after her colt's victory in Louisville, she said with a chuckle, "Now you know why we didn't nominate Upper Case for the Derby. We didn't need him, did we?"

With so many good horses in the family, there is some dispute among the Chenerys over which of their stars has been the very best. Perhaps because he succeeded where the others failed, Riva is ranked No. 1 by Mrs. Tweedy. After him, she would put First Landing, who finished third in the 1959 Derby. Then Hill Prince, who placed second in the race in 1950. And finally Sir Gaylord, who was the favorite in 1962 but broke down on the eve of the race.

The Chenery family will always remember this Derby, but they will never forget that one exactly ten years ago either. On that Friday morning Christopher Chenery, who is a retired finance and utilities executive, arrived at the Louisville station by train. The stable's trainer, Casey Hayes (Laurin was hired just last June), was waiting on the platform. "Mr. Chenery," he said, "the horse fractured a sesamoid this morning blowing out for the race. He will never race again."

"My father understands the ups and downs of racing," Penny Tweedy says, recalling that last trip to Louisville. "He

has told us always to be prepared for calamity, and so I approached this Derby warily. I really didn't like the idea of owning the favorite. Too many times that has been unlucky for us."

Now that the Chenery family has broken through at Churchill Downs, there is talk that Riva Ridge may be of Triple Crown potential. There is always this sort of speculation immediately after the Kentucky Derby, but season after season rolls by without any superhorse developing. It is now 24 years since Citation won the last Triple Crown. Yet from 1930 till 1948 there were seven Triple Crown colts. They were appearing every two or three years. What has gone wrong? The last two horses to win both the Derby and Preakness, Majestic Prince and Canonero, were sore when they raced in the Belmont Stakes and did not start after that. (There is a possibility that Canonero may return to the track this month.)

The next four weeks will tell the Triple Crown story as far as Riva Ridge is concerned. One thing in his favor is that he seems to be a far sounder horse than Majestic Prince or Canonero. It may turn out to be simply a test of whether he can race fast and far enough. Some fresh tough colts, and some jockeys with names like Pincay and Hartack and Baeza, are expected to give Riva a good run for more than roses. **END**



The easy victory brings justification to Trainer Laurin and jubilation to Owner Tweedy.

PHOTOGRAPH BY NEIL LOFFER



ONE FOOTRACE WHERE HANDS COUNTED

USC botched a baton pass in the mile relay, and anchor men John Smith (above) streaked home first and UCLA took the one-day war

by PAT PUTNAM

It all came down to the mile relay, with five points going to the victor and zilch for second place. The only way UCLA could lose was by accident. Say if one of its sub-46-second quarter-milers vanished into the San Andreas Fault. "Well, it's not impossible for us to win," sighed USC Coach Vern Wolfe, whose team was down by two points going into the final event at the Los Angeles Coliseum last weekend. But then Wolfe managed a grin. "Let's say it this way: the percentages are not with us." Against the Bruins' quarter-milers, the best percentage is hoping they'll drop the baton. You may beat their hands but never their feet.

And so it was little wonder that Jim Bush, the UCLA coach, was supremely confident. That is, until his troops gathered at the starting line, slapped palms and discovered that none of them had a baton. "Oh, no!" said Bush rushing off to the high-jump pit where the only survivors were Rick Fletcher and Dwight Stones, both of UCLA. As they jumped for personal honors, a UCLA team manager watched, idly tapping the mislaid baton against his right leg. "Hey!" Bush yelled. "Get that baton over to the starting line. And run!"

On the track, UCLA's John Smith, the world-record holder in the 440, stepped out of his warmup uniform, tossed it aside and began walking in tight circles. Expressionless, he seemed unaware of the 17,500 screaming fans. His long bout with mononucleosis and hepatitis over at last, Smith had already won the 440 in a meet-record 45.3 at less than full bore. Now, as he paced, he passed Edesel Garrison, the USC quarter-miler who was at once a friend and a rival. Both would run the anchor leg and earlier in the week Garrison had said that if he had the smallest of leads when they set off, USC would win.

"Yeah, well how small did he say?" Smith snapped.

"I heard an eyelash," said Reggie Echols, a UCLA sprinter.

"An eyelash?" Smith snorted. "Well, the only way he's gonna see my eyelashes is if I turn and look back."

As Smith paced, Garrison tossed his warmup uniform into the air. Smith gave him a tiny smile and they ritualistically slapped palms.

Then they were off, and for two laps USC kept it close. But suddenly—in the flicker of an eyelash—USC was dead, for

Willie Deckard lost more than two seconds trying to pass the baton to Leon Brown and UCLA freshman Benny Brown hot-footed off to a 20-yard lead.

"You gotta get him, Eddie," a teammate screamed at Garrison as he waited—and waited—for the baton. Garrison looked at him as though he were crazy. To win he didn't need encouragement, he needed a 38.

Smith got the baton and smoked in 45.3; Garrison finally got his stick and jogged home in 51.2. And UCLA, by winning the relay in a meet-record 3:06.2, got the five points and the overall victory, 76-69.

Bush bounced about, pounding the backs of his happy troops and telling them how magnificent they were. In recent years he has changed from quiet conservative to mild moderate, turning in his regulation slacks and loafers for flares and boots, and he has allowed his crew cut to grow. He may think George McGovern is a shade heavy, but he has been known to flash the peace sign. None of this has been lost on his team. He lets his people make many of the rules, a lot of the decisions. He won't even recruit an athlete unless the team approves. It makes for a tight, happy group. And, like USC, it makes UCLA a place the super high school athletes like to first.

In fact, the two schools got so many blue-chippers that any country—other than the U.S. and Russia—would profit by giving its Olympic team and a year's foreign aid to get the collective bunch under its own flag at Munich.

"Put those two teams together and, except for the U.S., I think they would beat any country in a dual meet," said Bush. "Yes, Russia too, if you throw out the distance races. We're both hurting there."

"Hurting?" said Milan Tiff, UCLA's brilliant triple jumper. "We're both lousy. But we're better than USC. For lousy, we're pretty good."

Bush listed his people that he thought had a good chance at making the U.S. Olympic team: Smith, naturally; Charles Reih, who has a personal best of 13.5 in the hurdles, Tiff (53' 6"), James Butts (53' 5½") and Harry Freeman (53' 1") in the triple jump; James McAlister, ineligible this year, in the long jump; Warren Edmonson (9.3) in the 100 and, as a long shot, Benny Brown (45.8) in the quarter. There were also the Norwegian long jumper, Finn Bendixen, and

Frenchmen François Tracanelli, a pole vaulter, and intermediate hurdler Jean Pierre Corval, all three of whom should make their national teams.

USC's Wolfe is either more the realist or less the optimist than Bush. He said he had only three possible Olympic people: Garrison, spinner Willie Deckard and Donald Quarrie of Jamaica in the 200. Then he forgot about the Olympics and harked back to thinking about UCLA. "I may look controlled but I'm as tight as I've ever been for an athletic contest," he said. "It's kind of silly. A little dual meet and I get so damned excited. I've got much more control at bigger meets. UCLA makes me edgy. I wake up at night, running this race in my head, then running another one." Wolfe looked at a piece of paper in his hand and threw it away. It was blank. He had tried to figure the meet but had given up before making a pencil mark. "There is so much talent on each side, how can you figure it? In this meet everybody wants to do his best ever, nobody wants to make a mistake and anything can happen. It's a war out there. Any other time and they're all friends. But Saturday we declare war, our one-day war."

The war began with UCLA's Bendixen, the first man up in the first event, long-jumping 26 feet even, a personal best, a Norwegian national mark and the winning distance. After that the lead went back and forth. For UCLA, there was Peter Jones, who was not supposed to compete because of a back injury, finishing third in the javelin; Rich winning the 120-yard hurdles (13.7). Corval the intermediates (52.6); the expected 1-2 in the triple jump, James Butts winning with a 53' ½"; and Jeff Sakala taking the pole vault (16' 6") in a jump-off that Bush didn't want. With three men tied for first and two of them from UCLA, Bush said, "Let's split the points."

"No," said Wolfe. "The NCAA rules say that a tie should be broken by a jump-off. Let's follow the rules." After Sakala had won, Wolfe said, "Let's split."

For USC, there was a sweep by Quarrie (20.6), Deckard and Leon Brown in the 220; a win by its world-record-holding sprint relay team; a last-second surge to finish 1-2 in the javelin and a 1-2 in the two-mile run.

And when 16 of 17 events were in, it was UCLA 71, USC 69 and the simple

truth that Ron Gaddis, Warren Edmonson, Benny Brown and Smith were better than any four USC could muster in the mile relay. Plus that awful hand-off.

"I don't know what happened," said Leon Brown. "I think maybe Willie slowed down and leaned back, and I like to get off fast."

Brown saw Deckard and said, "Hey, did you slow up, man?"

"No," Deckard said. "You moved your hand. Instead of holding it out, you grabbed for the stick. Then you turned and your hand moved again. By then I was done. I'd run about as many steps as I was about to. You know, this is the first dual meet I've lost since the 11th grade."

"Uh-huh," said Brown. "And what a lousy way."

AND

Finn Bendixen leaped 26' to win long jump.



SWISH AND THEY'RE IN

Flashing lots of hot hands—and a single worn one—Los Angeles goes all the way by PETER CARRY

For a night and part of the following day it looked as if it might be almost too easy for Los Angeles. After 11 seasons of succumbing to fate and their opponents' heroics, the Lakers last Friday seemed to have their first NBA championship locked up. In their steamy dressing room at Madison Square Garden they celebrated the gritty overtime defeat of the New York Knickerbockers which gave them a 3-1 lead in the final round. It was the Lakers' third straight win, each one of them a show of power and proficiency. And Los Angeles' prospects could not have looked brighter. The only important injury victim of the series, New York wheelhorse Dave DeBusschere, was still hampered by a pulled muscle in his right side, and the teams were heading West the next morning to get ready for what even the Knicks appeared to believe would be the finale at The Forum. "The patient is critical and about to die," conceded New York's Walt Frazier.

But only minutes after they arrived in Los Angeles the Knicks were given one last flicker of hope, and the Lakers, whose mood had been so buoyant, were wondering if that old playoff voodoo had struck again. Wilt Chamberlain was hurt and might not be able to play the next game or, perhaps, any more in the series.

Chamberlain, who brilliantly led Los Angeles to the brink of success (see cover), had complained mildly of soreness in his right wrist after the Lakers' third

For a while Jerry West's hand was cold, but at the Finish Mr. Clutch grasped the NBA.



win. During the plane ride home he participated, as usual, in a raucous hearts game. He was in fine fettle, even though he mentioned that his now-swollen wrist, injured in a first-quarter fall, ached whenever he dealt. After the plane landed, Wilt left with team physician Robert K. Kerlan for Centinela Valley Community Hospital in Inglewood, where X rays were taken. Dr. Kerlan announced that there was no fracture, but the sprain was severe—so severe that it was “very, very doubtful” Wilt would play the next game.

He played. Did he play? He added insult to injury. Following a shot of Celestone, an anti-inflammatory agent, and a night of treating his wrist alternately with ice packs and baths in the whirlpool built into his new \$1.5 million Bel Air showplace, Chamberlain arrived at The Forum for Sunday's game with the swelling significantly reduced. “We brought a ball into the locker room,” said Dr. Kerlan, “and as soon as I saw him palm it, catch it and throw it, I knew enough flexibility had been restored so he could play. But, believe me, this was a serious injury and an unexpectedly fast recovery. We weren't trying to fool anybody. If we had been, we would've held Wilt in the dressing room instead of sending him out with the rest of the team to warm up.”

Wearing the padded hand wraps interior linemen use, Chamberlain played his best game of a super series. He scored 24 points. He had 29 rebounds. On defense, he harassed Knick shooters far outside, yet still scrambled back to block inside shots. In the end, he shut up—perhaps forever—those critics who for years claimed that he was a quitter, that he could not win important games. He was, padded hands down, the most valuable player as Los Angeles took its first championship by winning the fifth game 114-100.

It was a title destined to belong to Los Angeles from the outset. Even in their first-game victory, the Knicks' unenviable position was evident. New York won 114-92 by making 72% of its first-half shots, many of them 20-footers or longer. The smaller Knicks were forced to operate almost exclusively from way outside due to Chamberlain's towering presence in the middle. There is a basketball axiom that says no team can win consistently when it relies on out-

side shots. In New York's case it is not so much that long shots are harder to make—the Knick starters hit 20-foot bombs as easily as most other players put in layups—but that outside shooting detracts from other aspects of the game. Players shooting from behind screens far from the basket are rarely fouled and are not usually in position for offensive rebounds. New York was decisively out-rebounded in this series, and the Lakers' edge in foul shots made was large enough to account for the total point margin of their four victories.

The Knicks' dilemma was not eased by DeBusschere's injury. He hurt his side late in the second period of the second game, which the Lakers won 106-92, and spent the last half sitting on the bench as Los Angeles turned a one-point halftime lead into a 20-point bulge in the third period. During the spurt, DeBusschere's man, Happy Hairston, scored 12 points. When the series shifted to New York three days later, DeBusschere started and played strongly enough in the first half to keep Hairston in check and to pull down nine rebounds. However, he missed all six of his shots, and the Lakers led by five points. DeBusschere declined to play in the second half. “I didn't feel I was helping the team,” he said. His replacement, Phil Jackson, did not help much either as Los Angeles ran off to a 22-point lead, eventually winning 107-96.

DeBusschere's absence in the third period—the one which turned the series in Los Angeles' favor—infected New York with an odd malaise that even the usually poised Frazier could not cure. All teams go into cold shooting streaks, but during the Lakers' surge the Knicks succumbed to what may have been a playoff first. They went cold *passing*. And when they were not throwing passes directly into eager Los Angeles hands, they were shooting rushed, unfamiliar shots or watching helplessly as their field-goal tries came zooming right back at them, courtesy of smashing blocks by Chamberlain.

Wilt's most important block came in the fourth game, the series' best, which Los Angeles won in overtime 116-111. Chamberlain, who has yet to foul out of a game in 13 NBA seasons, committed his fifth personal near the end of regulation time. The Lakers scored the first overtime basket after Wilt con-

trolled the tip-off (Los Angeles won all but four of the 21 quarter-opening tips during the series, another edge it had on New York). Knick Center Jerry Lucas then drove past Chamberlain and lofted a short pop from the middle of the foul lane. Risking his sixth foul, Wilt spun and reached over Lucas' back, gently flicking the ball down. The Knicks recovered the ball, but in the next few seconds it was tipped loose by Jerry West, recaptured by the Knicks, and then Chamberlain blocked another shot. By the time New York could reorganize its offense, the 24-second clock had run out. The Lakers took possession, and Jim McMillian scored to give Los Angeles a four-point lead. New York's Bill Bradley hit a couple of jumpers to tie it up, but the Knicks were goners.

The futility of New York's position was not lost on the Lakers. After their second win, McMillian agreed to a tennis match in Los Angeles scheduled for the day when a less confident man might have figured he would be in New York preparing for the sixth game. West, meanwhile, was relaxing in his Manhattan hotel room, assuring callers that his team would certainly win in five games and explaining that he had suffered insomnia after the second Laker victory. He had lain awake trying to figure out how he should act when he finally won a championship after so many near misses. “I don't yell much, and I'm not much of a drinker,” he said. “Really, I can't figure out much that I'll be able to do except maybe smile a lot.” When they did win, the Lakers were subdued. They drank their victory champagne out of wine glasses instead of pouring it over each other, while West smiled as predicted and delivered what were in effect a couple of toasts.

“When we went to training camp last fall,” said West, “I thought we'd win our division, but never get past Chicago or Milwaukee into the finals. We were a team with a lot of lacks, but [Coach Bill] Sharman fit us together perfectly. He told us he thought that if we played the way he wanted us to that we could beat anyone. He got us to believe that right away, and he did it without raising his voice once all year. The most violent thing I remember he did was one time he threw down a pile of towels. As for Wilt, he was simply the guy that got us here.”

He certainly did. At last.

END



ILLUSTRATION BY DANIEL BRITTON



In the Keys by March you are thinking of tarpon. The fish have been around in small numbers all winter; not quite fishable numbers, somehow, when bonefish and permit have seemed the more logical subjects of attention. The night trollers and drifters have been taking tarpon in the channels and killing them for advertising purposes: they make the only sign a tourist will believe when hung up at the dock. And the shrimp basin in Key West and the harbor always have quantities of fish; but these are domesticated brutes, feeding themselves on the culls of the commercial fishermen and rolling and burbling with the reptilian presence that half-tamed alligators used to have on Florida golf courses.

But usually, sometime in March while permit fishing or bonefishing on an edge

the face of a lack of hard information, the angler feels the invitation to elaborate his own sense of the fish's presence. An awareness arises of the distinction between a species like the tarpon and the offshore pelagic fishes with which, as a game fish, the tarpon is often favorably compared. But in the tarpon the aerodynamic profiles and chameleonic coloring of blue-water fish are replaced by something somehow funkier; they are inshore fish, heavily scaled; they gulp air, and as if to seal their affinity for the land masses of the earth, they require fresh or brackish water to complete their reproductive cycle. They migrate, as many fishes do, and when we touch or intercept these migrations, we sense, subliminally, the dynamism of the biosphere: tarpon migrate by season, season is a function of planetary movement

HAZARDOUS LIFE IN A MEAT BUCKET

The M.B. is a philosophy, conceived by fishermen, mouthed by dreamers and fulfilled by the fury of the tarpon **by THOMAS McGUANE**

adjacent to deeper water, the first string of migrating tarpon is seen, often juvenile fish up to 50 and 60 pounds. Below Key West they inevitably appear to be travelers, pushing wakes and rolling with their eyes coming out of the water so that you are absolutely sure they see you in the skiff, transfixed and watching them. The whole mystery of their cycle seems contained in the absolutely deliberate way they travel, deliberate as caribou or spring warblers.

Mystery is not an altogether misplaced word regarding tarpon. Much serious research on the fish was dropped when schemes for converting these unpalatable creatures to fertilizer and cat food were abandoned. There seem to be vertical migrations of fish from deep to shallow water, in addition to the fish that appear to be traveling from the south, very probably Central America. But in

and so on. Which is no more than to say you can face bravely those accusations of loafing when you have ruined a month chasing tarpon, racking your brain to understand their secret, calling lives.

It is quite early in the morning. Not first light because a higher angle of sun is required to see fish on the dark bottom that we are working today. But it is early enough that as we cross Key West the gas stations are being swept down by sleepy attendants with push brooms, and the Cuban men are over on their end of Duval Street drinking cups of their utterly black coffee and eating *bollos*. You can smell the smoke in the still air coming from City Electric on the other side of town. The ground swell of Latinate noise—that first of all things that makes Key West another

continued

country—has not yet started, and as we go up Caroline Street all the side streets running down to the shrimp basin, marked for us because of the great trawling booms stacking up among the old wooden houses, are quiet. The shrimpers always form first under the awning of the Fisherman's Cafe. There is no one there yet, though someone is arranging ship-to-shore radios and fathometers in the window of Key West Electronics across the street.

It feels like a tarpon day. Spring tides will give us a good push of water. The wind has swung almost into the full south and it is hot already. Up the Keys the yellow mosquito plane will be skimming in over the mangroves, its cloud of spray hanging and settling in the still air.

There are sponges drying on the balconies of some of the old wooden houses, and as if you might forget that the town is at sea, gulls and frigate birds soar high over the streets. Next to Key West Oxygen Service, in an ugly asphalt parking lot that rivals the La Brea tar pits in midsummer, a bonafide skiff sits high on its trailer, bridging the imagination from the immediate downtown of Key West—which is both an outrageous honky-tonk and a memento of another century—to the gauzy, impossibly complex backcountry that surrounds. When you are at the drive-in movie in Key West, watching *Adult Fare* with all the other sweating neckers, the column of light from the projectionist's booth is feverish with tropical insects, blurring the breasts and buttocks on their way to the screen. If it is low tide, you smell the mangroves and exposed tidal flats nearby and you are within a mile of sharks that could eat you like a ju-jube. When the movie is over and you have hung the speaker back on its post and are driving home, palmetto bugs and land crabs pop under the tires.

This morning, when we get to Garrison Light, we turn off before the causeway and pull into the dry shed where my boat is stored. Across the light at the ramp, we can see a skiff being launched behind a station wagon. I take out the binoculars and look. It's a Hewes guide boat. I see the chairs, the enormous engine, the push pole, the Teleflex steering up in the forward corner, and over me and my companion, Guy de la Valdene, comes that specific competitive tension you feel when another skiff is

working the same country. If St. Francis showed up with a guide boat behind his car, we would rather he stayed home. Every shallow-water fisherman down here is cordial on land, monstrous on the water.

It's not Stu Apté; his skiff has a center console. It's not Bill Curtis; his is yellow and furthermore he fishes Key West mainly on permit charters. Woody Sevton is in Loggerhead today; so it's not him. Jim Brewer fishes out of a Fishcraft and this is a Hewes. Bob Montgomery has an offshore charter. Cal Cochran? He's supposed to have plenty of fish in his backyard at Marathon. Same with Steve Huff. Page Brown fishes out of a Mako and he would have told us if he was fishing Key West. It would be nice to know who it was so we could avoid running the same pattern. It might be one of the boobos from an angling club, chasing points, mounts and records.

Richard, the manager of the boatyard, comes out and says, "Morning, Mister Tom," with that special look of philosophical resignation that is the hallmark of the Key Wester. He climbs upon the fork lift and heads into the shed for the skiff. I had it built right here at the yard only last winter, and the first rip of boat fever has not passed off. I love to watch the skiff come out on the fork so I can see the long precise chine running from stem to butt wells. When the boat emerges, Guy says, "Yes, I know it's beautiful but please don't say it again."

"I know, but—"

"Don't say it."

Richard rolls the fork lift forward onto the concrete dock and lowers the boat into the slick water. To the untutored eye, there is nothing to see that is exceptional about the skiff: bare nonfouling utility has been taken as far as the mind could create demands for the boat-builder.

The glass hull, brought down bare from the mainland, is white, low and spare. From the side it looks like a simple linear gesture, the blade of a scimitar or an arrow. It is 17' 2" long, not counting the integral butt wells. The boat was built up from this bare hull with three-quarter-inch marine plywood, the arm-and-a-leg variety. From above the skiff appears as a succession of bare surfaces, over which a fly line can blow with-

out snagging; the forward casting deck is continuous with the broad, flat gunwales. The aft deck is set slightly below the gunwales and, like the casting deck, overhangs the bulkheads by half an inch. Set into the aft deck are the lids of two dry storage boxes, a battery box and an insulated icebox. All topside surfaces are blue-gray.

The steering is forward and starboard, Teleflex with wheel set horizontal to the deck. Donald Duck's picture is in the hub; a pacifier hangs from the ignition. The throttle and gearshift controls are in a single lever and there is a tachometer with which I pretend to monitor my engine's performance. I monitored my previous engine's performance, not seeing not a thing right up until the idiot light turned on, a plug blew out of a cylinder and the whole thing froze like a tractor in quicksand. There is a toggle on the dash for the power tilt, the 125 Evinrude on the transom hangs too heavy for hand-tilting as frequently as flats fishing requires.

Guy is at the gas dock, filling the stainless 40-gallon tank under the casting deck. I get a block of ice and put it in the cooler with our lunch and 12 soft drinks. The rods go under the port gunwale; run gear is under the stern. The tackle box goes aboard with a couple of dozen of Guy's shock tippets rolled like surgeon's suturing materials. And now we're ready, feeling suddenly the anticipation that is the one feedback from the inputs of weather, readings from the Coast and Geodetic Survey tide book, and all the baloney and general hearsay from guides and other anglers about just where it is the tarpon might be.

Along the starboard gunwale, flexed tight against it, is the big kill gaff with its 17" hardwood hand e, never to be used on a fish less than the world record, though Guy and I agree that the goal is to train oneself to release even that fish. But at this early stage of development the gaff still goes along, just in case. Someday when we have grown enough in the fishing, the gaff is to be nailed up over my desk, with the stainless-steel gaff head that I wrapped and epoxied myself, a rather handsome old souvenir of barbaric times. On top of the port gunwale, resting in two teak cheeks and secured with aviation shock cord, is a 17' push pole.

We pass under the Garrison Causeway

continued

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as morning work traffic is beginning to rush overhead. We can smell its exhaust with the same emotions with which we perceive the hamburger stands over by the charter-boat docks. Once on the other side, there is that damned guide boat we saw being launched, up on a plane now and way out at the front edge of a fan of wake. The brilliantly painted Cuban fishing boats are off to our left, gaudy as Arab smacks; behind them is the institutional stiah of the Navy BOQ, built with the military's usual flair for grace in design.

The guide boat by now has upped and gone. We don't know where he could be and are just hoping that the two of our skiffs don't go wandering over the ocean making the same stops, tripping over one another as in some maimed syncopeated dance step.

I run it up to 4,500 rpm. Key West drops quickly behind and finally clusters at the end of our long arrow of wake. There is a sense of liberation as we run, mewing civilization away before us while another country, one of mangrove keys, shallows and open sea, forms around us.

We stake the skiff in a small basin near the Northwest Channel. The shrimpers are coming in sporadically from the Gulf of Mexico, the trawling booms swaying and the diesel engines sounding like farm tractors at this range. We are watching for tarpon moving in the big channel to graze off or shortcut toward the smaller channels shoresward of us.

We are using the big Scientific rod, it carries a No. 12 saltwater taper line and is a very effective rod for fighting a fish, if not exactly a wand to handle. It is very powerful, double-wrapped with a second grip just short of the stripping guide. We have rigged a grizzly-and-orange fly on a 3/0 hook, using an 80-pound shock tippet. Ten inches above that, the 12-pound starts and it is this breaking strength that brackets what pressure the angler can put on the fish.

We take turns with the rod, watching for incoming fish that can appear and blow by too quickly if one's alertness flags. Very early on, some tarpon roll in the big channel. They are clearly travelers though, and will keep right on going—*to Mexico*, for all we know.

After a bit, a good-size shark glides under the boat. Touched with the rod

tip, he moves off in a surge. A little later a hawksbill turtle peers up at us from green water, then, frightened, races off at a speed one doesn't associate with turtles; his front flippers are a blur of effort while the back flippers cross and trail.

Guy stands up on one butt well and looks intently through the binoculars. "The damned guide boat," he reports. "is sitting on our next stop." Sure enough, the skiff is at Mule Key, exactly the place where we would be getting the phase of tide we wanted in another half hour. "And you know what else?" The answer was posed in the tone of his question.

"Yes," I said ruefully. "he's fighting a fish."

We start looking at our watches. We are not getting any shots on this spot and we are cut off on the next, but, we reason, when the men in the guide boat are done with their present fish, they very well might make a move to the place both boats would pick for the third stop. Guy looks through the glasses.

"What's he doing?"

"He broke the fish off," Guy said. "There are two of them. They're sitting in the boat to re-rig."

"I feel sort of frustrated here," I said.

"I do, too."

"If we don't crank up—I know this is irrational—if we don't crank up I'm afraid we're going to be watching that guy all day long."

"Let's slip the stake," said Guy, "and blow all the way to Big Mullet before he gets his nose out of that tackle box."

I slip the pole out of the bottom, coil the line on the bow, put the pole on its chocks and secure it with the shock cord, then start the engine. I idle into Northwest Channel, then run it up to 5,400 rpm, all the way to the stop, so that we are truly flying, running through the banks with a mean tide chop beating our back teeth loose.

We get two-thirds of the way across Northwest Channel and the man running the guide boat can see the push pole on our gunwale and knows what is happening to him. He quick hands the rod he's rigging to his companion and starts the engine. Our problem is to hit the run-through channel in the Mule Key bank directly on the nose or we will be sawed off by the guide boat.

The guide boat wheels around and

things are still at the educated-guess stage. From here the bank looks solid and we appear to be heading on a collision course—running aground. Now the guide boat is flying full tilt as well, on an interception course. It is sufficiently neck and neck that we will have to find another place to fish if I have to shut down the engine on the shallow bank and feel my way along for a place to run through.

But then a piece of the bank seems to peel away before our eyes and suddenly there is a little solid green creek running through the hard stuff. We run through at 5,000 rpm and shut off. In our new silence we hear the drone of the guide boat taper off to an idle a short distance behind us.

"You look back," says Guy with a smile. We are both of us pretending to survey the basin as though we hardly knew the other boat was in the country. I turn around and see the two men hunched in the idling boat, staring at us without love or even, God knows, brotherhood.

It is a far cry from the genial gatherings of anglers on the Test or the Lichen. When flats fishermen run into each other on the water, it is more like war, smiles and jolly waves notwithstanding. When information is asked for on the water, a bum steer quite naturally springs to the lips. I rather suspect, though, that the true scoop on the Test and the Lichen would indicate that those anglers, tweeds and all, have the needle into each other as thoroughly as we do.

Soon we hear the guide boat running again, the big engine offering what we interpret as a mild trumpet of resignation. We've broken the maimed syncopeated, and now we can fish on our own. All is far in this, and we fully expect to see them at another stop. Meanwhile, it is as quiet as can be, the water lapping gently on the sides of the skiff and pearly summer clouds along the horizon.

Guy begins to pole. Immediately we begin seeing life; clusters of spotted eagle rays hustle around like nuns, barracudas appear near the boat without ever having been seen in the act of swimming over, small sharks come, stingrays and houndfish. But not, for the moment, any tarpon. We're not talking very much. I feel the successive pushes of the pole and hear its steady rise and fall in the

continued

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MEAT BUCKET

water. Occasionally we glide to a stop and I hear Guy lighting a cigarette behind me, and in a moment the boat surges forward again. The bottom is dark with turtle grass and we look hard to penetrate its surface. At the same time we try to survey a wide range for rollers and watch the surface for the faint wakes that look like a thumbnail pulled gently along under a sheet of silk. What you see more than anything is movement: the resting or sleeping fish are the toughest to spot.

There is a little breeze now and a few high horsehair clouds in the sky, brilliantly white and lacquered. A radiant drop curtain of fuchsia light stands on edge from the Gulf Stream south of us. Fast across the channels Key West can still be seen, like a white folding ruler, in sections on the blue expanse.

Guy says "tarpon" so quietly that I wonder if he means tarpon in general, but with a certain dread I realize he has spotted fish and a moment later I see a large single swimming with easy sweeps, quite black and hulky looking, moving on a course that we will easily intercept. This means it will be entirely up to me. I am trailing enough line for my false cast and have already begun that rather tense process of trying to figure our range as it is modified by the progress of the skiff in one direction and that of the tarpon in another. That the fish itself looks about as manageable as a Cape buffalo is little help in the finer calculations of the mind. I know from experience that this peaceful meandering fish can offer a scurrying performance calling into question (if usually theoretically) whether or not the angler is actually safe.

Guy poles to an interception point and turns the skiff so that by the time the fish is in range we are at rest. The pole is down and away from where my back cast could foul it. I roll my trailing line into the air, false-cast, shoot, false-cast again, shoot, get my range and cast. The fly falls acceptably and I strip sharply once to get the fish's attention, continuing with a quick, jerky retrieve. Then the tarpon turns almost imperceptibly. It is this point that enralls and terrifies the tarpon angler—the moment when, unbelievably, the great fish alters its course, however slightly, to take the fly.

Now the fish is tight behind the fly, so close as to seem cross-eyed as he

watches and follows it, a dense repellent presence in pursuit of the streamer. Then comes his slight elevation and gain of speed, the mouth opening, and one last forward surge as the fly vanishes.

I strike him too quickly and feel little more than a bump as the fly comes free. The tarpon muscles about in confusion, making a depth charge of disturbance when he sees the boat and turns over on himself clearing out. I hlew it.

It would be Guy's every right to seize the rod with a pontifical sigh and hand me the push pole, but he remains in the bow, Leicaflex around his neck, ready to record each faux pas.

I return to my post in the stern with that special determination that surely prepares the angler for more garish errors than those which produced the determination. This is the vicious circle of angling, the iron maiden of a supposedly reflective pursuit.

We pole for a good long time without sighting another fish. We are beginning to lose our tide here and it is time to think of another move. We sit down in the skiff, drifting under the dome of unvoiled marine sky. Guy hands me a sandwich and we have our lunch, chewing and ruminating like cattle. We are comfortable enough together that we can fall silent for long periods of time. A flats skiff is a confined place and one in which potentials for irritation are brought to bear as surely as in an Arctic cabin, but this comfort of solitude enhanced by companionship is the rarest commodity of angling. Pure solitude, nearly its equal, is rather more available.

Lunchtime, between tides, with the boat drifting before the wind, our puddling inclinations toward philosophy begin to emerge. My recent failure with the fly rod exaggerates my proclivity for higher things. We talk about "the meat bucket." Originally, the term indicated a particular place in the water that held fish in quantity. Then, gradually, it came to mean whole rivers or bays or banks that were good and, finally, states and regions where someone could live who could not live where the country was all shot to hell. In the end, the meat bucket was a situation of mind where everything was going to be O.K. When you had gone and messed up your intelligence with whiskey or worse, jacked yourself all out of shape, the meat bucket

continued



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ALWAYS A STEP AHEAD

It is the final pie in the sky, the universal trout in steelhead or permit or whatall run, the place where you absorb the perfect loop with your fly line and never had to live with right-hand winds, cold rain, broken bones and failed religion. It was all the unreckonable fragments of the sport that became the reference points of an obsession that you called the meat bucket or, among the archdiocese of angling maniacs you had come to know, more simply, the MB.

The push pole is secured once more in its chocks, the engine is down and again we are running. This time we head southwest toward Boca Grande Key. The light is so good we can see the tilt houses from here. The spongers browse around in their little boats, standing in the bow and steering the outboard motors with clothesline tied to their wrists. They take up sponges like oceanic gardeners.

We are heading for Ballast Key where we expect to find tarpon and where I have every hope that I will not fall apart and either bungle the cast, the hookup or the sometimes appalling fight that ensues.

The keys down here have a considerably less swampy character than those above us along the Gulf of Mexico. They are lighter, with, in some cases, headlands, beaches and woods. In the spring they are great meeting places for migrant warblers headed for cool northern forests.

We shut off next to an empty beach of wild palms amid clouds of wheeling white seabirds, and Guy begins poling down the face of Ballast. There is a wash here that raises and drops the skiff. The bottom is rock and pocked sand, dotted with sea fans, a desperately difficult place to pole without falling out of the boat. When fish are spotted the poling is so noisy that tarpon are often spooked, and the boat cannot be easily or quickly positioned for incoming fish. So you abandon yourself to the combinations and hope they come up in your favor.

We find fish at Ballast at the far end, almost to Woman Key—a string of fish, they are traveling on a bright sandy bottom, as distinct as fractured sections of pencil lead.

We are in good position and it is now only a question of waiting for them to come within range. At first we see them

from afar, splashing and moving their bodies purely in surface movement. You must live with this when it is your turn to throw. They are no more wary this way than a school of feeding jacks.

Then as they approach, their above-the-surface presence of wakes and splashes is replaced perceptually by the actual sight of fish as specific marine entities, individual torpedoes coming at you. It is hideously unnerving, if you care about fishing.

I like my cast and on the first strip two fish turn out of the string to follow. The one of them quite aggressively takes the fly and turns off to the side. I continue the strip I started with my left hand until I come up tight. Then with the butt of the rod in my hip and the rod tip low and to the side, I hit the fish two or three times hard.

The fish is in the air, upside down, making a noise that reminds you of horses, thunderous and final. Then a short accelerated run is followed by an end-swapping jump by a game animal that has pulled all the stops. At the third jump the run begins. The fourth jump would be better observed through binoculars, the line no longer even points at the fish.

The tarpon has burned off 150 yards in such a way that the centrifugal surge is felt in the reel, shuddering the arm. Now he must be followed in the boat. The hacking goes onto the reel at the expense of a painful swelling of the forearm and the shirt clinging wetly. After some time the fish is within 60 feet of us, where we can reasonably exert some pressure. Guy keeps the boat parallel to him, silver and brilliant in the deep green water, and the fight goes on, interrupted by inexorable 50- and 60-yard runs from which we patiently recover. Now the fish makes a number of sloshing head-rattling jumps after which, in his new weakness, I can turn him slightly on his side.

In a moment he is beside the boat, bright and powerful looking. I take the pliers and seize the shank of the hook, and with a twist the fish is free, though he is slow to realize it. I reach down and hold him for a moment, and I serve in this touch of his ocean-traveling power almost a dimensional breakthrough. An instant later he has vanished.

Then Guy tells me it's my turn to pole.



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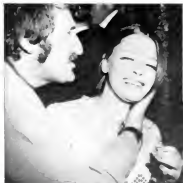
THE BLAST WAS ONE BIG BUST

Their revelry was to last for 90 hours, then they would adjourn to the ring for last week's Ali-Chuvalo go. Well, the fight went quite handsomely, but the party pooped when the money ran out **by ROBERT F. JONES**

I was billed as the party to end all parties—a 90-hour, nonstop blast that would get under way four full days before the Ali-Chuvalo fight in Vancouver, British Columbia, pick up speed and momentum as it spun through daylight and dark, gathering fresh merrymakers along the way, and stagger finally to its red-eyed finish at the opening bell. Like all good parties, it would resemble a hurricane, building slowly but inexorably toward a climactic expenditure of energy, its course and its side effects equally incalculable. There would be drink and dancels without surfeit—huzzah!—madder music and stronger wine—ah yes indeed!—and certainly, somewhere, an orgy or a

poker game. Or maybe both—oh yeah!

Half the glamour of any party lies in its setting and, on that score at least, Vancouver was a natural. Canada's third-largest city is a heady blend of frontier exuberance and high-rise sophistication. McCabe and Mrs. Miller country updated but gone a bit soft, perhaps, with electric blankets and leather-walled cocktail lounges. The abrupt mountains surrounding the city keep their pine-tufted heads in the mist, while salmon circulate between their toes. There is rain, yes, but that damp fact only ensures good skiing on the nearby mountains well into June. On the brassy waters of Georgia Strait, sport-fishing craft and day sailers mingle with trawlers, tug-



RAISING WHAT LITTLE CAIN there was. L. A. Back Shelly Salmon patted a pretty cheek. Lynda Fobron's luscious Lady Caprice were a round with Charlie James, sparring partner and actor, and Governor Pat Ryan cuddled a cute couple.





GLAMOUR: BY JOHN BOWEN

IMPRESARIO Perim looked up his friends in the old nightclub with Barbet Maris, Ali's own dentist, Larry Rose, and Esoda

boats and vast rafts of timber—a challenging scene for the boat freak. Within the city limits of Vancouver itself, a thousand acres of Stanley Park offer something for nearly every sportsman: tennis courts and golf links, redwood trees and bird life, trails for biking and hiking, beachcombing and girl watching. As the nonstop party progressed, certainly some of the merry-makers would be moved to indulge in these extracurricular activities.

The other half of a party's glamour—perhaps the dominant half—lies in the nature of the guest list. That was in the hands of Murray Perim, the 51-year-old Canadian mining magnate and stock speculator who was producing both the fight and the party. "Yes, indeed, we'll have some glamour here," said Perim as he glad-handed his way through the luggage in the lobby of the Hotel Georgia on the eve of the party. "We got, let's see, Samantha Eggar coming, and the great Joanne Pettei, and Yvonne Craig—you know Yvonne, she was Batgirl on TV?" and, of course, Eddy Williams. "Whodat?" "Eddy Williams," quoth Murray with a twitch of his long, fallow nose, "was the sex-symbol star of *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls*." Yes,

of course, how could anyone forget

But the real grabber was the fact that Perim had sent an invitation to Howard Hughes, sent it direct to Howard himself up there in his two-story aerie atop Vancouver's esteemed Bayshore Inn. As they primped and powdered and gulped their various pills in preparation for the Big Blast, the partygoers could talk of little else. "He's just eccentric, enough to do it, you know." I read how he used to show up places dressed just like an ordinary dude, and then if some waiter or captain gave him some lip, he'd huy the place and fire the gun.

Yeah, he'll probably come in disguise, like in a wheelchair, or wearing a fake nose. . . . Maybe he'll come in blackface. That'd be something. Muhammad Ali is standing there with the party squirreling around him, flapping his lip like he always does, and this tall, skinny, old black man comes shuffling up in a tatty cotton suit and Ali tells him to get lost and the next day Hughes huy's all the other boxers in the world and refuses to let any of them fight Ali. . . .

So it went, with the imaginations of the would-be revelers growing more levered by the minute as party time approached. But reality can never match the lurid projections of the human mind, and Perim's party was no exception. Indeed, for most of its duration and on most of the levels by which parties are

commonly judged, the Big Blast came across as a feeble snort, a muffled hurrp, a cautiously concealed yawn.

Most of its failure could be traced to a pinchpenny lack of inspiration on Perim's part. Early in the week preceding the party, it became painfully evident that the fight was not selling as well as Perim had hoped. At the prices he had scaled for the live action—\$400 at ringside, ranging through \$50, \$30 and \$20 to \$10 for a perch in the upper altitudes of Vancouver's new 17,000-seat Pacific Coliseum there was no way Perim could have sold out the house. For one thing, Vancouver was in the grip of a construction strike and a province-wide lockout that had put many of its workmen on their uppers—and it was precisely this group, the traditional fight crowd, that Perim had counted on to pay off the bulk of his \$400,000 investment. For another thing, Ali had fought an exhibition in Vancouver only last Jan. 28 on a card that included George Chuvalo successfully defending his Canadian heavyweight title against one Charlie Chase. Thus the town's appetite for heavyweight boxing—not too ravenous to begin with—and its canosity regarding Ali had already been sated, and at far lower prices. Faced with a bath of Niagara proportions, Perim decided to skip on his party, if only to keep from drowning altogether.

He shifted the affair's locale from a ballroom in the elegant Bayshore to a pair of adjoining but ill-ventilated warrens on the third floor of the Hotel Georgia. "This is where the action is," Perim explained with a sideways glance around the lobby. Two old ladies in Salvation Army uniforms were sneering at a cigar butt near the elevators. "Fight headquarters—here we'll get the real atmosphere of a heavyweight fight. The hard little guys from New York with their wisecracks and their brows wrapped in crime and mystery, the smoke-filled

—continued

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BIG BUST

rooms, the trainers and cut-men getting nervous as the big moment nears . . . that kinda thing."

There was indeed one great advantage to the Georgia location: the presence of Ali. No major sports figure in the world, with the exception of Jackie Stewart, is as articulate and accessible as Ali. Each morning, after his three-mile run in Stanley Park, Ali took his ease in the lobby, signing autographs, posing for joke pictures the rolled his eyes for the camera when one of the Salvation Army ladies planted an uppercut on his chin and otherwise doing his charismatic best to enliven a dead-dull scene. One evening he appeared on a radio talk show emanating from the hotel in what was billed as the "Battle of the Windbags." His opponent was Gene Kiniski, a Vancouver wrestler whose cauliflower ears and zig-zag nose belied his quick wit and quicker tongue. After an hour and a quarter of outrageous hyperbole from both contestants, the show's host, a jolly Scot named Jack Webster, declared himself the winner. Ali smiled and shook his head. "Kiniski," he said, "if only there was a white heavyweight boxer like you from Alabama or Mississippi, we could make us a skillion dollars."

Right after the great debate between Ali and Kiniski, the Big Bust began. Ali himself refused to attend. "Herbert Muhammad would get verry angry if I showed up, even to preach against such alcoholic evil." But George Chuvalo was there, sipping a ginger ale and trying to smile through his scar tissue. His right eye, which Joe Frazier had punched deep into Chuvalo's skull, was back up front where it belonged, and the shattered cheekbones, which had had to be mended with wire mesh, were bulging like alternators on a car. The Canadian Chopping Block, indeed, Chuvalo's manager, the Toronto Poultry Prince, Irving Ungerman, was also in evidence, a brisk, flatbelled and wide-shouldered little man who taught Chuvalo to box when George was a little boy (his parents plucked chickens for Ungerman) and who has led him to his present eminence as the world's largest, toughest, most mobile piece of walking callus.

"How are you, George?" the revelers asked.

"Just fine."

"You gonna whup that Ali?"

"Just fine."

A jazz combo blared bravely in the cor-

ner and the drinks were flowing free, but when Chuvalo departed the revelers paused in what might have been sorrow. Perhaps they were wincing vacuously in anticipation of the blows that would fall on Gristly George when the bell rang. Perhaps they were still waiting for Howard Hughes.

Samantha Eggar had not showed yet, nor had Barbra or even the Valley Doll—indeed they never would. Pezini, who was committed to paying their first-class air fares plus accommodations plus free \$100 seats at the fight, had canceled them out for economic reasons. But there were a few celebs on hand. For instance, Larry Rose, 28, a watch-charm dentist from Houston who serves as supervisor of Ali's dental health during such Million-Dollar Fight Classics as this one. Rose, who recently finished a tour of Army duty in El Paso, stands about 5' 6" tall—"Just the right size to get into Muhammad's mouth in case he needs a foot extracted," said one joker around his Demerol and Coke. "A fighter really needs a dentist," said Rose in defense. "What if he gets clipped in the jaw just as he sticks his tongue out? A fighter could lose a lotta blood that way." And, in Ali's case, a good hit of his livelihood.

Also on hand was Tom Larscheid—you all remember old Tommy Back in 1960, as a running back for Utah State on the same team that produced Lionel Aldridge, Merlin Olsen and Jim Turner. Larscheid ran for 1,044 yards, which was second only to Bob Gaiters of New Mexico State in collegiate ground gaining that season. He led the nation in average gain per carry at 8.42 yards, quite a feat for a man who stands only 5' 8".

"After Utah State, I played three seasons with the British Columbia Lions," he said over the music and the slosh of strange-smelling liquids. "I was a flanker, and in my rookie year I caught eight touchdown passes for a league rookie record. After that, I caught three knee operations, two on the right and one on the left. Now I'm 32 and a stock promoter up here. Meet my wife, B.R.—that stands for Bank Roll, haw-haw!" B.R. smiled sourly. Beautiful and Resentful.

Though Samantha & Co. would not be present, Hollywood was ably represented by Charles James, a 27-year-old black character actor who doubles as a sparring partner for Ali. "Boxing and acting don't conflict," he philosophized.

Continued



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"There's a lot of acting in boxing, sure enough, and plenty of aggression in the film business. I was into music once—played with a rock group called The Sledgehammer out in the San Fernando Valley—but music was a troublemaker at home. All them groupies. Now I got me a family and a Honda 750 chopper and a few television and movie jobs. Just finished a *Mod Squad* and a hit in *The All-American Boy* with Jon Voigt for Warner's. And I got my fists. I've sparred with



NO PARTY MAN. Ali stands still at harborside, and celebrates future.

both Ali and Frazier. Ali is all head, all sink and move and smarts. He can hurt you or not hurt you at will. Frazier always hurts you. He don't know how not to. Joe, a country boy, just diggin' all the time. In the belly. You come away from three rounds with Joe, you don't walk tall for three days. Still, I like to work with them all. It keeps the meter runnin', as Joe says."

By now a crowd had gathered around Charles James. This was good stuff for \$100-a-seat fight fans, a man who had actually been pummeled around by both Ali and Frazier, wow! What does it feel like, does it hurt much, how do they move, etc.? But at this moment, Murray Pezim decided to call a "brief timeout" in the nonstop party. A smoked turkey contributed by Irving Ungerman had been consumed down to the wishbone and no more food, not even the stales of hors d'oeuvres, was in prospect. Indeed, Ungerman's turkey had been the only food on hand all night. "Some orgy," muttered one Vancouver swell. "Right now I'd settle for a cheeseburger and coffee."

After a hiatus of 16 hours, the nonstop party resumed in a less riotous key. Those two cutups, Larry Rose and Tommy Larscheid, were now wearing ties, and the aura of decorum that these additions in wardrobe engendered had permeated the gathering. Men who only the night previous had been standing around yawning in wild abandon now

married, you know he loves boxing so much although this is only the first fight that he's produced, when we get married we're thinking we might get married in the ring. You know, like we could both wear tuxedos, only mine would be a tuxedo pants suit with lots of frills and gold studs on it, like that." She glanced around a bit desperately. "What would you think of that?"

"Far out," said Shelly Saltman, tugging on his mustache. "I'd think that was far flamin' out. Perfectly appropriate for Vancouver, British Columbia, The Fight Capital of the World."

After watching his guests carry on in that manner for nearly five hours, Pezim once again exercised his hostly prerogative and declared the party suspended until such time as participants recovered their strength, not to mention their wits. Some of the guests, their appetites for revelry still unappeased, repaired around the corner to a nightclub called The Cave where Ella Fitzgerald was appearing. "Boy," exclaimed Shelly Saltman, "Lady Ella—her voice is an instrument! She's the Muhammad Ali of song!" Ah, the sapience of publicity: will it never fail?

Others waited in the lobby for Ali to appear for his morning roadwork in the park. By now it was Sunday, and first light broke with the distant euphony of church bells. Out in the clean cold air of downtown Vancouver, the taste of booze and inane conversation seemed

continued

shared in the official models of adolescent propriety. Sheldon Saltman, a flack from Los Angeles who was serving as "coordinator of promotions" and ring announcer for the fight, walked into the scene and stared about in disbelief. "Jeepers," he said finally, "what a boochanal!" Murray Pezim nodded happily in utter agreement, then went back to looking pessimistic.

"My name is Marilyn," said a handsome young woman in a long dress. "I'm Murray Pezim's fiancée and when we get



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ALIBUST continued

out of place, absurd. Ali walked down to the park as a warmup—a fast, 10-minute hike. He had gotten his weight down to 218 from the 226 he had carried for his last-luxury bout last month in Tokyo with Mac Foster. He was dead serious in the grip of his rubber sweat suit, not even looking up when he passed the Bayshore tower that allegedly contained Howard Hughes. In the park he was stopped by members of a Canadian rowing team practicing for the Olympics. "Come on and row with us, Champ," they asked. "Gotta run," said Ali. "Thanks, but I can't afford to cool off now." He pelleted into the park with a mile's stride.

If only Murray Pezim had brought his party down to Stanley Park to witness Ali's dawn run... a breakfast of champagne, perhaps (domestic, of course), and caviar (cheap in Canada), there amid the ducks and geese and leaping trout, the redwoods rising into the mist as the Champ rolled alone through the forest, thinking dark thoughts of Joe Frazier, pouring sweat and dedication into the early light, stopping now and then to deliver sex-punch combinations at his shadow... if Murray Pezim had only had insight enough to do that one inexpensive thing, his party would have been a grand success. Ali, loping along beneath the totem poles of a tribe long dead. Ali sprinting past a rusty freighter fighting its way against the tide. Ali hissed at by an outraged Canada goose and studied closely by black squirrels as he went galloping up the final hill of the morning. Little flashes—"those images that yet fresh images beget," as Yeats put it. Or as Ali himself restated it on the ride back to the hotel: "Look at the trees and the birds and water God has given us, all these beautiful things. The man who has no imagination stands on the earth. He has no wings, he cannot fly."

"Great," said Trainer Angelo Dundee from the back seat. "Now we don't have to go to church today."

That evening, with the fight still 24 hours in the future, the party nearly ignited. The catalyst was the music of Ella Fitzgerald's sidemen, who dropped by to sit in with the rather routine combo Pezim had hired. There was Ed Thigpen, Ella's near-legendary drummer; Tommy Flanagan, for 20 years her piano accompanist; and Keter Betts, one of the great jazz bassists, who dragged

continued

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USHER'S GREEN STRIPE SCOTCH

The original light scotch.

his ax all the way over from The Cave in order to play. Their supply rhythms drew in a whole new batch of partygoers, most of them black Ali fans who shared their hero's sense of fast movement and fun. Bob Owens, a dapper Jamaican clothing designer now in New York; Charlie Mitchell, the former University of Washington and Denver Broncos running back; Willie the Weeper, a burly "entertainer" from Detroit and Vancouver; and a bevy of black beauties, mainly from Seattle, but including one Lady Caporal, bewigged and leathered and loaded, as they say, for bear. One of the white newcomers whose presence assured that the party would jump was Pat Ryan, the flamboyant Toronto entrepreneur who patented the Jolly Jumper, a sort of trapeze for exercising babies that hangs from doorways. When Perim's whiskey ran out and the Fitzgerald crew split, a record player was quickly produced, along with two gallons of homemade sake, contributed oddly enough by a German-Canadian named Willy Voigt from his own cellar. "Yeah," laughed Charles James, "the Axis lived!"

But not for long. By four in the morning the fire had died out and the nonstop, 90-hour party had ended—13 hours before fight time, and having lived a grand total of 22 hours 47 minutes. There remained, of course, the fight itself. Ali's intention was to repair the image of sluggishness created by the Foster debacle, to prove he could get down to the fighting man that had eluded him since Frazer, and if possible to become the first

he said: "There's \$8 million at stake for me with the Frazer date. You watch those Wells Fargo guards when they unload a payroll. They look serious, too."

As to sluggishness, Ali dispelled any doubts about his quickness right from the opening bell. With the survivors of Perim's party looking on bright-eyed and loud, Ali stayed on his toes for most of the 12-round distance, jabbing the slow Chusvalo at will and throwing some combinations that seemed to get sharper as the fight progressed. When Chusvalo tagged Ali hard with a right cross off two left hooks late in the fifth round, Ali fell back against the ropes and waved Chusvalo in to slug it out. That is one of Ali's reactions when he is stung, as he later admitted he was, but Chusvalo refused the opportunity. Early in the next round Ali turned it on full blast for the only time in the fight, jolting Chusvalo with a series of combinations, forehand and backhand it seemed, that almost blended together. When Ali backed off, Chusvalo was bleeding from the brow. But Ali failed, then and later, to overturn the Chipping Block. It was a clear victory for Ali and it promised more serious discussions about a Frazer rematch.

As for Murray Perim, his worst fears had been largely realized. Total live attendance for the fight was 8,800, leaving him, insiders figured, \$100,000 or more in the red. As heavyweight boxing, the show was a good one of its kind. But as overall entertainment, especially the party to end all parties, well, perhaps it did just that, but for reasons

Perim had not anticipated. Nonetheless, as Drew (Bundini) Brown, Ali's manager and resident intellectual, said over a vodka martini a few hours before the fight,

"We're living on the kindergarten Planet, brotha. All we're doin' here is tryin' to learn how to do better later on." For Murray Perim, it was quite a costly kindergarten class, but he's bound to do better later on. Has to

END



POSTMORTEM was prodded over by a mate Chusvalo and unsmiling Ali.

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A CASE OF PARADISE IMPROVED

Hawaii's Princeville, westernmost golf course in the U.S., is a development in tropic splendor touched by genius

by DAN JENKINS

As a person who learned his golf in Texas, finding copperheads in the rough, having see shots blown into the windshields of passing cars, with hardly anything more romantic to gaze at on the horizon than the rooftops of ranch-style houses, I was a natural mark for the Garden Island, Kauai, oldest and most exotic of the Hawaiian chain, and for all of the teasings of paradise that exist there, golf being only a part.

There is a place on the far side of the island called Hanalei Bay, near the end of the last paved road in the United States, so to speak, and this is where paradise awaits. Mount Waiialeale seems always to be towering above you, dripping with waterfalls, moody with jungle. And almost everywhere else lies the ocean, heaving, enormous and blindingly blue. With all of this there are dramatic cliffs rising straight up to challenge a tidal wave, dark paths leading up or down to natural swimming holes set within lava rocks, trails where tribes have been lost, deserted beaches backdropped by botanical wonders of every kind, hidden caves, lurking rain forests, a meandering river straight out of literature, a canyon almost as devastating as the Grand and a nightly sunset that could awaken the soul in a mummy.

The place makes you want to do all the foolish things that are not a part of income tax, the phone company and Charge-Plates. To surf, swim, hike, fish or simply stroll. To climb, sail, sleep, stum or smoke. To breathe. To sit in the bar with the bamboo curtains and the ceiling fan, waiting for Jane Greer to walk in with a plot to mur-

der her husband. To think about the novel you'll never write, or ponder the mysteries of the ukulele. To look off where Japan is, or the Aleutians. To watch the splatter of waves and the cascade of waterfalls simultaneously. To be suspended by time.

If Hanalei or the entire island of Kauai had nothing else to offer but its rare beauty, that would be enough. But as an ancient volcano once coughed up this paradise, man has been inspired to give it his own brushstroke in the name of truth, progress and artistic achievement. Fortunately, the right men came along. And the result is not what one might normally expect, which would be a contest to see what developer could chop down the most hala trees, bulldoze the widest swath, build the ugliest condominiums and design the dullest golf course outside of Florida.

What has happened is a lesson for us all. Princeville at Hanalei has happened, and the resort is proof that if progress must invade paradise it can be done tastefully, even with a touch of genius. For right now on steep cliffs above the Pacific where cattle once grazed, looking back toward the mountains, there has bloomed a stunning new golf course the equal of any that ever pretended to make use of the natural assets of the land. And in this setting, Princeville Makai Golf Course is the most enthralling that I, for one, have ever seen.

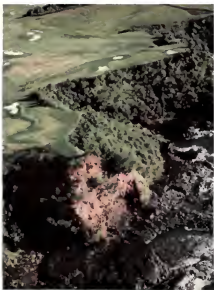
We seem to have been getting a lot of brilliant new courses in recent years from all sorts of good architects. Among those that have already earned a sort of renown, or at least a general ac-

knowledge of their existence, to name only a few, are Harbour Town in Hilton Head, S.C. by Pete Dye (aided by Jack Nicklaus), Spyglass Hill on the Monterey Peninsula by Robert Trent Jones Sr., Jupiter Hills in Florida by George Fazio and Crockett Springs near Nashville by Robert Von Hagge (aided by Bruce Devlin). These are all courses struck with distinctiveness and charm, courses designed by men who have many other credits, each of whom has talent and a high regard for his profession. But let's welcome now another man to the club, Robert Trent Jones Jr., a son of the most famous of all modern designers. It is Bobby, as he's called, who has given us Princeville Makai.

Nothing could have been more appropriate than for Bob Jones Jr. to get the job. He once discovered Hanalei on his own, and not because he had heard that Hanalei had been used as the principal location for the filming of the movie *South Pacific*. He spent his honeymoon in Hanalei and never recovered from the beauty of the island, Kauai does that to you.

When Jones learned that some 11,000 acres in and around Hanalei had been purchased for a "second home" resort community and "championship golf course"—the usual come-on, except that a lot of the acreage will become agricultural and forest preserves—he practically dived into the sea from his home near San Francisco and began swimming toward the 50th state. The developer was a company called Eagle County Development Corporation, out of Denver, headed by a man named Doug Hoyt. A businessman also, like

continued



THE OCEAN COURSE HAS TWO SPECTACULAR PAR-36
ZEN BUNKER ON THE WOODS NINE (BELOW) IS NO JOKE





RESULTS PLEASE ROBERT TRENT JONES JR.

On the Woods nine he placed the green of a par-3 on the other side of a jungle cavern. He fronted a par-4 with a lake. He put the green of another par-4 in a cluster of silver oaks after discovering that they were "anthrax trees," or trees planted nearly a century ago to mark the burial ground of some diseased cattle. At still another par-3, he invented a Zen bunker, chiefly

to have a private joke. A Zen bunker, according to Jones, is a bunker with one huge and two semihuge slits floating in the middle of the sand. It may please Zen and Jones, but it is no joke for high handicappers.

On the Lake nine Jones thought up a par-5 finisher that one almost needs to play with a motorboat. It is little more than a tee and a green with water in between, except for a couple of square feet where your tee shot and second shot might land.

It was on the Ocean nine, however, that he really got going. It is a remarkable achievement on which the golfer feels that he might be playing through several different worlds, hitting every imaginable shot. There happen to be two or three prairie-type, windswept holes, a dainty pitch, cross-bunkering, doves, rolling greens, and still there are two holes falling into a deep valley of foliage with a lake. To top it off, there is a par-5 demanding a wood shot over the ocean from the brink of one high cliff to another—a hole that will surely take its place among the postcard par-5s in the world.

Standing on that tee one day, about

160 feet straight up from the Pacific, with mountains to the left, Japan to the right and the green way over there on another ledge, across the bashing waves and lava rocks, Bob Jones smiled and said, "Most golf architects go an entire career without ever getting to design a hole over an ocean. It's quite a feeling."

So is the whole of Hanalei. Although it is only a little over an hour from Honolulu (by 30-minute flight and 45-minute drive), it's an eternity from Waikiki Beach, or traffic, or high-rise hotels. Or people, so far.

The people will come, of course. But they will be secluded at Princeville over there by the cliffs, away from Cling Young's general store, gas station and antique magazine rack, a school where children go barefoot and get days off to surf, a church, a couple of bars, a few homes. Not far away from the river and taro farms, from the beaches, palm groves, trails, caves, mountains and the one road leading almost to the very end of the U.S.

Somehow it doesn't seem so bad for paradise to have what could rightfully be called The Last Golf Course. **END**

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THUNDERBIRD

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The trick pitch is as old as baseball itself. Consider such honored deccets as the emery ball, the fadeaway, the sinker, the screwball, the spitter, the knuckler, the fork ball, the palm ball, the Vascline ball and the blooper or peepus ball, to recall only the most obvious of the genre.

Indeed, for those pitchers not armed with such orthodox weaponry as the blazing fastball and the sharp-breaking curve, a little guile is essential to survival. Whitey Ford, for example, has confessed that in the final stages of his career, when he could no longer throw with his accustomed gusto, he was not above flinging an occasional "mud ball"—a baseball liberally smeared with the damp soil of the Yankee Stadium pitcher's mound.

But for all of the energy expended on such treachery, very little important new work is being accomplished in the field. Or as Chicago Cub Coach Pete Reiser has observed, "They've got a lot of names for these pitches now, but there are only so many ways you can throw a baseball."

And yet Reiser would exclude from his generalization the "knuckle curve" thrown by young Burt Hooton of his own pitching staff. "I imagine somebody must have had a pitch like this sometime, somewhere," says Reiser, searching back over more than 30 years of baseball memories, "but I can't think of anybody."

Hooton's pitching colleague Steve Hamilton is even more emphatic: "If anyone says he knows of somebody who throws one, he's full of bull." Cub Manager Leo Durocher, who is nearing his 50th year in the game, says, "I have never known of anyone who has thrown a knuckle curve like this."

What then is this unnatural phenomenon? Hooton is protectively vague in describing it, preferring, like any true artist, not to intellectualize his skills. "It's just a pitch," he will say with a shrug of his heavy shoulders, "and it's mine." But he will freely demonstrate the grip—ball held in conventional knuckler fashion with fingernails flat against the surface—and the over-the-top delivery. The trick is in the release.

"A knuckleball pitcher will push the ball out with his fingers," says Cub Pitching Coach Larry Jansen. "Hooton snaps

his ball out, putting downspin on it."

A knuckleball floats lazily to the plate, but Hooton's downspinning knuckle curve fairly hums home. It is thrown with a fastball motion and it arrives quicker than any ordinary curveball. At the plate, the ball abruptly shoots downward, sometimes straight down, sometimes in or out, but always down. The catcher knows roughly where it is headed; the batter, possibly expecting a high fastball, finds himself the straight man in a disappearing act.

"If you didn't know better," says Durocher, "you'd swear the kid was throwing a spitter."

But the ball Hooton throws is as dry as the ink on the "substantial" contract he signed last June straight off the University of Texas campus. In Southwest scholastic circles the knuckle curve was known unaffectionately as "the thang," a sort of horrible science-fiction mutation. With it, Hooton compiled a 35-3 record and an earned run average of 1.14 in three years of All-America pitching. But he merely refined the pitch in college; he had been throwing it since, at age 14, he abandoned all

Hooton is doing his thang

Which is Taken for the Chicago no-hit pitcher's unique delivery

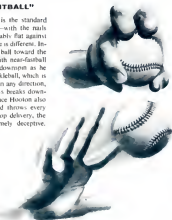
hope of perfecting a real knuckleball and settled for this aberration.

Hooton and the thang had a 3½-inning fling with the Cubs in June 1971; then it was off to Tacoma of the Pacific Coast League for steady work. The knuckle curve fairly devoured hitters there. In one game Hooton tied a league record of 66 years by striking out 19 batters. Overall, in 102 innings, he struck out 135 and had an ERA of 1.68. He returned to the Cubs on Septem- continued

THE "DRY SPITBALL"

The grip Hooton uses is the standard one for knuckleballers—with the nails of the forefingers invariably flat against the seam—but his release is different. Instead of "pushing" the ball toward the plate he snaps it out with near-fastball speed, applying sharp downspin as he does so. While the knuckleball, which is much slower, may veer in any direction, the knuckle curve always breaks downward, like a spitball. Since Hooton also has a good fastball and throws every pitch with an over-the-top delivery, the knuckle curve is extremely deceptive.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BOB WOOD



ber 6, and nine days later he struck out 15 Mets in winning a three-hitter. A week later he shut out the Mets again, this time on a two-hitter. In 21 big-league innings last year he had 22 strikeouts, two wins, no losses and an ERA of 2.14.

All this was merely preparation for his first start of this season, when he pitched a no-hitter against the Phillies—the first by a National League rookie in 60 years. It was Hooton's fourth major league start. In his next appearance he struck out nine Mets in seven innings before losing to Tom Seaver, who needed a shutout to beat him. Hooton has not quite approached those lofty standards in subsequent starts this year—who could?—but he has made a reputation for himself and his curious pitch.

Still, one pitch does not a pitcher make. And Hooton really does have another one, a "way above average fastball," according to Durocher, that prevents hitters from anticipating the knuckle curve. Durocher insists that Hooton throws harder than anyone on his staff, with the possible exception of Ferguson Jenkins on his good days. The problem, says Cub Catcher Randy Hundley, is convincing Hooton that he can get hitters out with his fastball. Hundley admits, however, that after the Cubs were safely in the lead during the no-hitter, he called for the knuckle curve 80% of the time.

What Hooton would seem to require more than confidence in his second pitch is a third one. He made a tentative effort in college to develop a slider, and Jansen worked with him on the pitch this spring until Hooton complained of arm pains. Hooton is not conditioned to throw conventional breaking pitches, which place greater strain on the arm than the knuckle curve. So the slider was abandoned for the time being. Instead, a changeup has been tried. It is Durocher's contention that this off-speed pitch could be doubly effective because Hooton puts so much zing into everything else he throws. But Hooton has been reluctant to throw the changeup, and Hundley has had to prod him. "It's hard to sell a kid on a new pitch," says Jansen philosophically.

Hooton is aware that his repertoire is not extensive and he is willing to add new numbers, but in the meantime he prefers his reliable standbys. "I ain't worried," he says calmly. "Yet."

One of Hooton's muses is his aston-

ishing maturity. At 22 his manner, even with his elders, is almost avuncular. Talking to Hooton one half expects to be patted on the head or invited to climb aboard a knee. Durocher admires his coolness. As Leo has often said—and as he should surely know—"When you lose your head, you lose your behind."

Hooton is not likely to lose either one. When scrawny Bud Harrelson of the Mets beat him in Shea Stadium recently with a blooper to left field, Hooton's inner tranquility was undisturbed. Hitters like Harrelson, he concluded, will do this because they merely punch out at the ball, like a child swatting a balloon. "Anybody can do that," he said. "If you hit the ball often enough, it will drop in."

Despite his college boy's face and curly blond locks, which are thinning a bit on top, Hooton thus seems much older than his tender years. At least he thinks older. Reading his fan mail in the clubhouse one day with an expression of tolerant amusement, he came upon a request for an autographed picture from an 18-year-old girl.

"Maybe," a visitor offered, "you should ask her for an autographed picture in return."

Hooton looked shocked. "You're kidding," he said, his tone suggesting that the visitor had taken him for someone else. "Why, she's only a kid."

It is small comfort to National League hitters that Burt Hooton, for all of his elder statesman airs, is also just a kid and that he and the thing will probably be around quite a spell.

THE WEEK

by DON DELLIQUANTI

AL WEST

"When Vida Blue was holding out and they were talking about a fourth starter, I lined up to Manager Dick Williams that I could do the job," said Reliever Bob Locker of Oakland. "He wasn't listening." With good reason, it seems. Against the Yankees Locker rescued Jim Hunter by striking out Rich McKinney with two men on for the final out. And now that Vida Blue is back—although not due to start for a bit—Locker isn't even hinting. The Red Sox ended Bob Darwin's hitting streak at 12 games, but he still had a psychological effect on op-

ponents. There were runners on second and third with the score tied in the eighth inning when Boston Manager Eddie Kasko gave Pitcher Sonny Siebert the go-ahead to pitch to Harmon Killebrew, hitting ahead of Darwin. Killebrew's double scored two runs in a 3-2 victory. Pitcher Wilbur Wood of Chicago felt that a five-day rest was not the answer to regaining his top form. "All that time off isn't going to do me any good," he said. He was wrong. A rested Wood did not give up a walk in a 2-1 win over Cleveland and retired 16 of the first 18 batters. Nolan Ryan of California had a start named out in New York but took advantage of the situation by warming up anyway, and discovered something. "Even though I slowed my motion I still had more velocity than I realized," he said. "Now I'm much more relaxed, flipping the ball rather than muscling it. It is easier on my arm." But not on Milwaukee, whom he beat 4-0 on a three-hitter, with 14 strikeouts. Somebody broke Lou Pinella's bat in KANSAS CITY's game against Detroit and the equipment man brought him a replacement. Ooops, wrong model. Pinella homered anyway. "Guess that proves I'm in the groove," he said. Former Texas player Tom McCraw helped Cleveland beat the Rangers 2-1 before sounding off at Ted Williams: "I'm not playing against the Rangers, I'm playing against him."

MINN 11-3 OAK 8-4 CHS 8-7
TEX 5-9 CAL 9-10 CAL 7-8

AL EAST

It was not until the third inning that utility infielder Terry Crowley felt well enough to don his uniform and join his Baltimore teammates in the dugout. Crowley had a 101° temperature from a virus and Pitcher Jim Palmer did not want him spreading germs around. But by the eighth inning Palmer was fumigating in the shower and Crowley was needed to help the ailing birds. He came through with a pinch single, the key hit in a three-run rally as the Orioles won 3-2. "Bare him," Crowley said, "always make you feel better."

Manager Eddie Kasko of Boston was looking for a way to wake up a team that had not homered in 11 games, so he instituted a bed check—and found the Sox all neatly tucked in. In turn they tucked away Texas, 3-0, in 10 innings. Then, after a five-day layoff and 377 team at bats, Rico Petrocelli lofted a Jim Kautz pitch into the left-field net at Boston for the team's first home run. The Twins won anyway, 5-2, and followed with a 3-2 victory the next day despite another Sox homer, this one by Tommy Harper. Norm Cash of Detroit is keeping the secret of his five-homer hitting and .333 average under his hat. It is a yellowing newspaper clipping he has had taped

continued



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there for a year. The story is about why Cash was in a slump and it had something to say about his temper. "Just say I'm swinging the bat well," Cash says now. "I don't want to talk about it. I've got a new motto this year: 'No popping off.'" When Gaylord Perry of CLEVELAND faced the Rangers, Manager Ted Williams complained that Perry's first pitch was a spitter. Warned, and maybe rattled, his Rangers struck out 12 times and Perry won 4-2. Later, against the White Sox, he had a three-hitter in a 12-0 triumph. It was his fourth win in six decisions as the Indians got off to their best start in six years. NEW YORK'S team batting average fell to .212 on a Western swing against the A's, and Fritz Peterson lost his fourth game, 3-1. He and Mel Stottlemyre had a combined 1-7 record. MILWAUKEE was doing just as badly with seven losses in its first eight games, including three straight shutouts.

DET 9-4 BAL 5-7 CLE 5-7
NY 5-10 BOS 4-2 MIL 3-10

NL WEST

It was a fortnight of improbable events for defending divisional champion SAN FRANCISCO. The Giants got just two victories in a 13-game stay at home. Giant pitching, as someone said, was "Marshall, McDowell, throw in the towel." But what Owner Horace Stoneham and Manager Charlie Fox were thinking of throwing in was none other than Willie Mays'—and his \$165,000 salary. It was all quite basic: the Giants need pitchers, the Mets have prospects in their farm system and would like to platoon Mays at first and in the outfield. And sell tickets. Troubled as the Giants were, McDowell, his fastball humming again, struck out nine Phillies in a 3-1 four-hitter. HOUTSOS continued to roll as Jim Wynn beat the Cubs with his sixth homer. He hit only seven last season. Wynn says the difference is teammate Lee May. "Last year they would pitch me any way—high, low, wide or inside. If I walked, it didn't matter too much. Now I'm seeing a lot of good pitches. They don't want to walk me with Lee coming up." Manager Walter Alton of LOS ANGELES, always a basketball fan, is happy he has a Bill Russell of his own. This Russell, not the greatest, 6'10" variety, stepped in at shortstop when Maury Wills managed only six hits in 48 at bats. Russell got 15 hits in 25 trips, drove in 11 runs and rapped out three doubles and two homers. "Russell isn't going to hit 500," Alton said, "but he'll do all right." ATLANTA pitching was horrible. In a nightmarish visit to Chicago only Ron Schueler and Steve Barber managed to work an inning or more without allowing at least a run. Barber was given his release later in the week. But, of course, the beat goes on for Henry Aaron, who hit home runs 5 and

continued

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BASEBALL

6 and closed to within one of Willie Mays' present total of 144. Manager Don Zimmer got back to fundamentals with a morning practice session for SAN DIEGO and the Padres won their next four games. Steve Arlin pitched back-to-back shutouts and his ERA was 0.95. CERVANTES decided to play roulette with its faltering pitching staff after Don Guillett was sidelined with hepatitis. Youngsters Ross Grimsley and Wayne Simpson were recalled from Indianapolis, and Jim Merritt, a 20-game winner two years ago, was sent down.

SEATTLE 12-6 LA 12-7 SD 9-11
CIN 8-10 ATL 5-12 SF 7-10

NL EAST Division leader S.W. ARLIN was streaking; they called a weekend home stand against San Diego. The Padres beat Jerry Koosman and next took on Tom Seaver, who had won his fourth game of the season five days earlier at San Francisco. Seaver was seeking the 100th victory of his career against the Padres, a team he had beaten 10 straight times. It was 2-0 in the top of the eighth when the Padres finally exploded. Fred Hernandez singled and scored when Leon Lee dumped an opposite-field double into left-center. Nate Colbert, who has hit three of his six homers off Met pitching, then pounded a high one some 400 feet over the left-center fence and the Padres were on their way to a 6-2 win. "Every time I make a mistake to him he hits it," Seaver said of Colbert. "That is the sign of a good hitter." A sign that Rick Wise of ST. LOUIS might expect to be in for a good Saturday night was a clubhouse pool in which the pitcher drew Rosa Ridge in the Kentucky Derby. Like the horse, Wise broke on top as Joe Torre drove in three runs in a 4-2 victory. The night before Hennes Aaron homered off winless Bob Gibson to beat him 2-1. Gibson was 0-4, the worst start of his career since 1964, despite Joe Pepitone's retirement, scored 12 runs in three games against the Braves as Bill Hands, Ferguson Jenkins and Milt Pappas all won with 10-1 hitters. After Ron Santo broke a small bone in his right wrist in a Houston game, Carmen Fanone, his replacement at third base, hit two homers in a 6-4 Cub victory. PITTSBURGH continued to falter as Dock Ellis, a 3-2 winner over Houston, first talked about retirement before age 30 and then ended up with Mace in his face and a disorderly-conduct charge after a run-in with a ball park security man at Riverfront Stadium in Cincinnati. PHILADELPHIA (Frank Lucchesi calls his Phillies the Blitz Kids) and MONTEAL, the Met alumni, northern chapters, continued to pressure New York for first place.

NY 11-6 PHIL 12-7 MONT 10-8
CHI 5-11 PIT 7-10 ST. L. 7-11

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Results from the Nationwide Consumer Testing Institute, Inc. held on-site Feb. 18, 19, 20, 1972, Tucson, Arizona

Category	Top-Flite Avg. Yards	Leading Competitive Balls Tested Average Yards							Avg. Yards for all balls tested
		A	B	C	D	E	F	G	
Woods	335.8	324.5	327.0	327.2	323.6	315.1	327.3	329.6	324.7
Carry Woods									
Total Distance	365.6	344.1	336.0	340.7	342.4	335.7	348.7	358.2	346.5
Irons									
Carry Irons	279.4	270.3	269.8	272.8	267.8	263.5	271.7	270.0	270.6
Total Distance	294.2	279.1	279.2	282.4	277.5	273.7	280.8	278.8	280.7

Summary of test available from Spalding on request



SPALDING





RANGER BOBBY ROUSSEAU gets a leg up on Eddie Greer, but can't go anywhere but down.

Poor Park. No matter how well he plays the NHL's second-best defenseman cannot escape Orr's giant shadow. "Brad," his teammates tease, "you wear No. 2 now. Someday maybe you'll be good enough to wear No. 3, and if Orr retires before you do, well, maybe then you'll get to be No. 4."

Unfortunately for the Rangers, Park frequently has played his worst hockey against Orr and the Bruins. In 75 games this season he scored 24 goals and 49 assists for 73 points. However, in his six games against Orr and Boston, he got no goals and only one assist. This pattern continued into the playoffs while the Rangers were losing the first two games in the Boston Garden. In the first Park allowed Garnet (Ace) Bailey, a reserve center, to skate around him and beat Eddie Galcomin for the winning goal late in the third period. In the second game he repeatedly mishandled the puck as the Rangers failed to convert any of their seven power-play chances and ultimately lost 2-1.

It was thanks mostly to Park, however, that the Great Boston Hex cracked quite abruptly in the third game, a contest played in Madison Square Garden amid a hail of transistor batteries, cigarette lighters, 50¢ pieces, beer cans (empty), shaving cans (filled), bags of cashew nuts ("very tasty," said Boston goaltender Gerry Cheevers, who stopped one sack with the back of his neck) and rolls of pink toilet paper. The fans, relentless Boston haters, were aiming the missiles at the Bruins and cheering happily as Park revived the Rangers and led them to a 5-2 victory.

"As much as I hate to admit it," Phil Ispasito said afterward, "Park was the difference." Park won it in the first 13 minutes of the first period. Three times he produced goals on the Ranger power play, scoring two himself and setting up Rod Gilbert for a third when his dead-on blast from 30 feet left Cheevers in no position to stop Gilbert on the rebound. Perhaps more important,

continued

The Stanley Cup summit seemed an inaccessible Everest to New York as Bobby Orr's Bruins won a crucial game to lead commendably

Tough mountain to climb

After 29 penalties and seven frostbites the game between the Boston Bruins and the New York Rangers was over. Bobby Orr had won it for the Bruins, scoring two goals early in the first period and then setting up Don Marcotte for the winning shot as the Bruins defeated the Rangers 3-2 last Sunday at Madison Square Garden and took an improving three-games-to-one lead in their unholy war for the Stanley Cup. Twice during the game Orr had to go to the dressing room for treatment of his injured left knee. "We kept ice on it, wrapped tape around it and also put a pressure bandage on it," Trainer Dan

Cannoy said. Now Orr sat on a bench, sipping ginger ale and wiping perspiration from his face.

"How's your knee?" someone asked. "I feel fine, just fine," he answered. "There's nothing wrong with me." As Orr spoke Cannoy was wrapping another bandage around the knee.

The Rangers had come to bury Orr—but they left praising him. "He was playing hurt, real hurt, and it was so obvious," said Ranger Coach Emile Francis. "But he did the job and won the game for them." Perhaps Brad Park of the Rangers said it best: "I wish I was hurt like that."

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Film makers Dennis Hopper and John Huston. Different generations but each a master of his craft.

though, Park also helped destroy the Boston power play three times, an assault that has been the most destructive force in hockey when Orr, Espino and friends had opportunities to take immediate command of the game and the series.

"When you have that many chances early in a game and don't take advantage of them," Orr said, "it's pretty difficult to stay charged up the rest of the way. And it's worse when the other team scores three straight goals on its power play."

Meanwhile, Orr, though still a superior player, was not the magical man he can be. "His knee must really be bad," Park said. "He didn't rush the puck very often, and when our forecheckers pressed him he didn't seem to have the mobility to get around them the way he used to. I mean, when have you seen Orr lose the puck to the forecheckers?" Orr re injured his knee 10 weeks ago and will have operation No. 4 tying him with Joe Willie Niemeth for the national championship this summer. He has been forced to concentrate primarily on his defensive duties, rushing the puck only out of necessity.

Park and Orr aside, the games reaffirmed a cliché mentioned by all coaches during cup play: "You win or lose because of power plays and face-offs." Yes, you do. Take power plays. The Rangers lost the first game because there was so much that the Bruins scored two shorthanded goals while killing the same two-minute penalty. Then the Bruins won the second game on two power-play goals of their own. One of these was more attributable to Boston Garden geography than to anything else. The penalty boxes are about five feet from the Bruin bench but across the ice from the visitors' bench. Gary Douk of the Rangers was still in the box when penalties to Boston's Carol Vadnais and New York's Glen Sather expired in the first period. Vadnais immediately jumped onto the nearby Boston bench as Johnny Busck skated out to take his place on the power play. Sather was still skating across the ice to his own bench. For almost 10 seconds the Bruins had a two-man advantage as they closed in on goaltender Gilles Villeneuve. Orr, pinning to Villeneuve's left, suddenly spotted Busck alone at the other side and fed him a perfect pass for an easy goal. Later the Bruins scored the

winning goal while they were playing with a five-on-three advantage as two Rangers were serving penalties.

But things were different in New York. The Rangers scored their three straight Park-propelled power-play goals in the first period of the third game, and they shut out the Boston power play eight times. "We just started to shoot the puck more," Park said. "In the other games we were making too many passes and then losing the puck carelessly."

As Sunday's pivotal game approached, Phil Esposito had a flash of inspiration. "We have been taking the shots," he said, "but not enough of them have been getting through to the goaltender. Walt Tkaczuk and Billy Fournier have been moving me into the slot, about 15 feet in front of their goalie, and the three of us probably have blocked more shots than the goalie. What I'll have to do is move out more—another 15 feet, maybe—or move to the side so that Bobby's shots can get through."

The strategy worked, and once again Boston won the battle of the power plays. Esposito kept the middle clear the first time Boston had a manpower advantage, and in less than a minute Orr blasted home a 35-foot shot for his second goal of the game. Later Orr orchestrated Marc-Andre's goal while the Bruins were shorthanded again.

Although Esposito, who had 66 goals during the season, still had not scored in the cup final, he did seal off victories for the Bruins with his great ability to control face-offs. In the first game Esposito won four face-offs to the left or right of Cheevers in the last 75 seconds. In the second game he won a total of 27, including seven straight against Tkaczuk and Jean Ratelle in the last two minutes. The winning goal for the Bruins, in fact, came from a face-off that Esposito controlled against Pete Stenkowski. "The Bruins killed us on the face-offs in that third period," said Denis Hall, one of Frances' assistants. Indeed, Boston had only a 26-25 advantage after two periods, but in the last the Bruins got 22 and lost only seven. "That's where they won," Hall said. And on Sunday's game, the Bruins took the face-off battle once again.

So Boston was two up and going back home for game No. 5. "I've got a feeling that it will be a long night," Park said. "It's really rather depressing."

END

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Nobody jives little Bobby

He will not be eligible for parole for a year, but there aren't many bars between this young flyweight and Munich's Olympic ring

On a spring evening five years ago in the black ghetto in Charleston, S.C., a 16-year-old boy named Bobby Lee Hunter was goofing along with some friends in the Cottonpatch Snack Bar, where hot dogs were dealt across a luncheon counter and you could see the strollers through a greasy window. It was a place where people from the neighborhood around Do As You Choose Alley used to hang out, and they all knew Bobby Lee Hunter as a tough little street kid who had quit school in the seventh grade and was staying with his grandmother and had nowhere much to go that would take him anywhere good.

The streets were full of kids like that. If Vietnam didn't get them, their faces would fade into the concrete of the ghetto to life. Or there was always jail.

A man entered the Cottonpatch Snack Bar. In a moment there was an exchange of words over some girls, followed by bumping and shoving in the narrow aisle between the stools and booths, and then threats were shouted in Gullah, the loud, thick, sweet language of many Charleston blacks.

Suddenly Bobby Lee Hunter had driven a knife into the man's ribs. Bleeding and scared, the victim refused an ambulance and stumbled out the door. Twelve hours later he had died of death from his wound.

Hunter had been in trouble before on the street, but nothing like this. A small figure—about five feet tall at the time and weighing slightly more than 100 pounds—he stood up in court and heard himself sentenced to 18 years in prison for manslaughter. Removed abruptly from the Charleston ghetto, Hunter was locked up for about a month in the Central Correctional Institution, the main prison, before being transferred to Manning Correctional Institution, just outside Columbia. Manning is called a medium-security prison—brick and concrete-block buildings gathered behind high double fences made of wire, watched over by guard towers, patrolled at night by dogs. It is intended for younger convicts and its main business is a laundry that turns out clean linens for the state.

At first Hunter was a silent, moody prisoner, bewildered and angry. "I'd been on the street so long, you know," he says now. "I was always cutting up and sometimes being bad, but we laughed a lot. Then I got overmad at that man in the snack bar, and the judge put me away. All I could think about when I got inside was 18 years. Man, 18 years to go. If I couldn't be on the street I

just wanted to be by myself, alone. I didn't want nobody jiving with me."

The other prisoners gave Hunter the nickname Little Rat because of his stature and his appearance of misery. They learned, however, not to push him too hard. He answered with quick fists and could hit with astonishing power. While he was proving this, Hunter was absorbing his share of non-fistic punishment: frequent stretches in the hole (solitary) or on the shelf (locked into a cell).

After a couple of years at Manning, where he had begun folding sheets in the laundry four hours a day for \$48 per week, Hunter was approached by Red Douglas, who worked for the Department of Corrections. A stocky man whose face has obviously caught a few punches, Douglas used to walk the yard at CCI, the main prison, with a pair of eight-ounce boxing gloves slung around his neck, looking for recruits for the boxing team. The athletic director at Manning had pointed out Hunter and said, "I think we've got a wheel here."

"How come you want to bust up your hands hitting people's heads?" Douglas asked Hunter. "If you like to fight so much, get on a team."

Hunter liked the idea. With a good welterweight, Roger Kirkpatrick, a fighter called Frog (Leroy Miller) and a few others, Hunter dug holes, mixed concrete and strung cable for an outdoor ring on the athletic field at Manning. At Hunter's first scheduled fight in the new ring, his opponent refused to appear. The inmates sent up a shout to see Hunter in action, and another opponent, 50 pounds heavier than Hunter, was brought into the ring. Accustomed for years in fighting bigger people, Hunter punched him out.

Red Douglas began taking Hunter along with the Department of Corrections boxing team. By now Bobby had grown to 5' 2" and 112 pounds. When they could not find a flyweight for him to box, he would fight bantams, light weights, welters. At a warmup match for the All-Army tournament, Hunter knocked the Third Army champ down twice and won the decision.

With permission of the wardens involved and of Department of Corrections Director Bill Leake, Douglas would load up his car with boxers and drive them anywhere he could find a likely tour-



A PENSIVE HUNTER AWAITS ABBY FINAL

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nament. "When I'd take those black fighters into Klan country, I'd always tell 'em if they won by a knockout, don't come back to the car but look for me somewhere down the road," Douglas laughs.

In April of 1970, Douglas bought some clothes for Hunter and several other fighters and escorted them to the National AAU Tournament in Trenton, N.J. Hunter was beaten there. "Bobby Lee never had been so far from home. I think he was kind of confused," says Douglas. By now Hunter had begun training at the Memorial Youth Center in Columbia under the direction of Chris Hitopoulos, a druggist who had gone to the University of South Carolina with Douglas. In December of 1970 Hunter beat the national AAU champion. Douglas had been transferred to the Juvenile Corrections Department in August, with the job of chasing escapees, but in the spring of 1971 he and Hitopoulos took Hunter to the national AAU in New Orleans. Hunter was supposed to sleep in the New Orleans jail, but Douglas would smuggle him out and into a motel. It may have been unusual penal procedure, but it was sound managing. Bobby Lee won the national flyweight championship.

Hunter was then invited to the Pan-American Games, but Douglas was busy tracking down 97 inmates who had left the detention center without approval, and he could not go. He recommended Hitopoulos as Hunter's escort, but Hitopoulos was not a police officer. So Hunter, with Lee's O.K., chose Ray Satterfield, who had resigned as a supervisor in a glass manufacturing plant and become a prison guard at Manning. Though Hunter lost a disputed decision in the Pan-American Games, he won a bronze medal, and when he returned there was a press conference for him in the governor's office. Douglas and Hitopoulos had not been asked to attend, but Douglas went—in his words, "A little snooted up"—and he said a few things you are not supposed to say in front of the boss. He has not traveled with Hunter again.

Since then Satterfield has been Hunter's companion on the road, his expenses paid by donations, and it has proved to be a long road. For starters, he and Bobby Lee went on an AAU boxing tour of Russia and England. In London, Hunter denounced the British

champ in front of a black-tie crowd in the ballroom at the Hilton. In Russia he split two bouts. Though they share a room when they travel, Satterfield allows Hunter considerable freedom while Satterfield searches out the company of boxing coaches to try to increase his knowledge of what is going on in the ring. "I know it never crosses Bobby's mind to run off. He has too much at stake," says Satterfield.

Hunter has now found himself a celebrity at the age of 21. Girls he has never seen write him letters. At least three movie companies have inquired about doing his life story. He has appeared on an ABC-TV special and on *The David Frost Show*. Before the latter, he was understandably terrified. "I didn't know how to talk like those people do," he says. "I had had butterflies. But as soon as I walked into the lights it was like getting into the ring and it was O.K." What wasn't O.K. was the meal he had at Sardi's, the flashy restaurant show people like to be seen in. Bobby Lee ordered fried chicken, which he likes a little better than he likes fried shrimp, which he likes far better than he likes anything else. "They brought me out a plate of something like I never saw before," he says. "It was chicken with a bunch of stuff on it."

By last month, amid speculation about Hunter defending his AAU title, going on to the Olympic Trials and perhaps winning a gold medal for the United States in Munich this summer, there seemed to be some danger that Bobby Lee's ambition was cooling down. He was trying to train himself, running four miles a day around the prison yard, punching the bag in a hallway, sparring when he could locate someone to fight him. But he still gained 10 pounds. He had refused to eat prison cafeteria food and was living on bologna and canned peaches he bought at the commissary. He arrived at the commissary a few minutes after closing time one evening and Satterfield, who was on duty, refused to sell him anything. Bobby Lee felt the chains of his circumstance.

"Bobby might be kind of low," said his friend Frog, sitting on the grass in front of the dormitory building at Manning on a cool, windy afternoon. "He's a good guy, you know. When he comes back from a trip he'll go into the wards and tell the guys what all happened. He's got a lot of friends, and he jives

continued

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BOXING

avoided a few high overhands. But it is not hard to get low in here."

The same day Hunter would not say much about what was on his mind. He lies on his bunk, beneath the plaque he had won in Russia, reading boxing magazines. He talked about his travels, about a Russian who had dared him with a fight and that came in over Bobby's left. "I got to stop sleeping that left," he said with a slight smile. "I think in time I could use some crutching."

For days before, the national AAL tournament opened a fortnight ago in Las Vegas. Chris Hiriopoulos and Red Denolas were called back to work with Hunter. His weight dropped. He won his state AAL division and journeyed to Las Vegas with Samerfield, Roger Kirkpatrick and Reggie Barrett, a Charleston amateur boxing coach. Hunter avoided the shows and the casinos and when he could the movie cameras. With reason. He faced five fights in the Convention Center in three days.

Hunter won his first bout by a decision and had a tough time of it. In his second fight he missed a few whistles with both hands early in the first round and then knocked out his opponent with a left hook that was struck so fast it could not be seen. But it could be heard like a low balloon exploding. The third fight was another knockout, this time in the third round, the victim a boxer about six inches taller than Hunter. In the semifinals he outpointed Gary Gentry, the 1973 champion in the 106-pound class, and was upset with himself that the fight had been close.

For the finals Hunter was matched against Ricky Dean of the Navy. In his preceding aggressive, left-handed style, suggestive of Joe Frazier, Hunter kept coming forward. He stunned Dean with a left hook and put him away with a right. It was a TKO in 1:03 of the first round, and Bobby Lee Hunter was the AAL 106-weight champion again.

After six years in prison, Hunter will be eligible for parole in June 1973. Yet, ironically, it is no longer an Olympic rule that no athlete may compete if he has a conviction of having been in prison. His prepared Bobby Lee only few light-years on folding sheets in a laundry.

All I'm thinking about is Munich and the Olympics," Hunter says. "But it might be nice to take a trip to Japan or the Philippines someday. I hear they like tough fighters over there."

END

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Showing his fine Italian hand, Guzzinati slipped past O'Brien to win the world driving title

Good times for a couple of good Joes

Joseph Cyril O'Brien of Shafter, Calif., is a small, white-haired man of 54 and just about as good a harness racing driver as this country has ever seen. Down the homestretch in a race, he rocks and rolls in the sulky with such fierce enthusiasm that he has been called Jiggling Joe^{us}. He is also a notable escape artist when seemingly pinned to the rail by outside horses. "Joe could drive through the eye of a needle," says fellow driver Delvin Miller. But during a long career in which he has won The Hambletonian and nearly every other major American race, Joe O'Brien has been as conservative off the track as he has been daring on it. He has shunned Easter-egg blues in his attire and saved a lot of breath by not using it in speech.

Suddenly last month a new Joe O'Brien appeared on the racing scene. He not only sported threads mod enough to win admiration at a teen rock dance, but he smiled, spoke, even cracked jokes. The occasion for this debut was a two-week spell of concentrated racing at 11 U.S. and Canadian tracks for what the Harness Tracks of America calls the world driving championship. And as the competition among drivers from eight countries came down to the last meet-

ing Saturday night at Philadelphia's Liberty Bell Park, colorful Joe found himself in a rip-roaring race for the title with one Giuseppe Guzzinati of Turin, Italy.

No doubt many Americans have never had occasion to think of Italy as a major trotting country, but it is, and U.S. breeders have filled a few hushel baskets with late-selling racehorses across the Atlantic. Guzzinati, 41, a former professional soccer player of merry eye and robust physique, has with his brother Vittorio a stable of 90 trotters racing at Turin, Milan and Montecatini. As O'Brien got to know Guzzinati on the track and in the bus that wheeled the drivers from point to point like so many minor league baseball players, he slowly formed an opinion. "I'll tell you," O'Brien said, "he's an excellent driver. He always seems to know what kind of a horse he has—whether he can leave from the gate or whether it would be better to hang back a while. Just from his hands, he knows. Also, he is a very aggressive driver, and he never seems to be worried or nervous."

Says Herve Filion, Canada's entry in the championship, which he won in 1970: "Those hands of Giuseppe's! He sure

knows how to rate a horse real good."

For his part, Giuseppe—Italian for Joseph—began calling O'Brien "Primo Joe" after the hule Californian jiggled away with three straight races on a program at Northfield, Ohio. Guzzinati had scored a win, a second and two thirds at Chicago's Maywood Park on opening night, so it was a duel of the Joes before the hussing, flying, whipping and battling had really begun.

Guzzinati and Willi Rode, the West German champion, were the songleaders and gloom-chasers on the endless road. They had become friends during the European championships a few weeks before "like Siamese twins," Rode said, discovering they both sang well, had played soccer and liked a good time. Language was only a slight barrier since Marieta Guzzinati spoke a little German, and Annette, Rode's wife, could manage some English, while Hermann Gerbaulet, Annette's brother, who was along on this Babel bus, spoke both Italian and English as well as German.

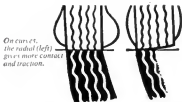
O'Brien was in high spirits day after day. Once he turned to Vic Frost, the Australian entrant, and said, "Did you hear that guy on the far turn? When they announced I was the oldest driver

continued

What you should know

First, what are radial tires?

They're very different from the bias-ply tires you're used to. Compare the constructions shown on the right...the direction of the body plies especially. Radial body plies go straight (radially) away from the bead. On other tire types they go at an angle. It makes a big difference.



What are their advantages?

Quite a few. For example, the track marks above show one big radial advantage at a glance: *more contact with the road.*

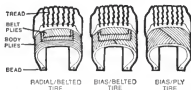
Why? The radial ply sidewalls of the tire *flex* — much more than conventional constructions. Result — the tread won't "lift off" on a turn — it stays on the road. Your car has more stability at high legal speeds; in passing situations; on slippery surfaces.

Now add a tremendous advantage in mileage — long, long mileage — 30-35-40,000 miles and better. The belts hold the tread of a radial in a way that limits the "erasing" action — so the tread lasts longer...additionally, the belt and radial plies lower the rolling resistance, and you will get better gas mileage than on bias-ply tires.

Any disadvantages?

Frankly, yes. At low city speeds, you may feel the bumps a little more — but this is offset by the extra smoothness at turnpike speeds.

Also, because the radial must be built on special complex and expensive equipment, radials cost more.



Which cord is best?

Rayon makes fine tires but lacks nylon's strength. Nylon is very strong but flat-spots when cooling. Fiberglass is light, strong, doesn't stretch — great for belts and maybe someday for the body. Polyester provides the smooth ride of rayon with increased strength. Steel is most expensive, but very strong and resistant to cuts — ideal for belts.

Steel — the most cut-resistant material for tire belts yet discovered.



How much do radials cost?

Expect to pay \$50 to \$90 each depending on size. They cost more than conventional tires, but on a *per mile* basis, they're cheaper. Driving 1,000 miles on a standard-size bias-ply tire costs about \$1.85; a radial about \$1.60 per 1,000 miles. Your General Tire retailer can estimate comparative mileage costs for *your* car.

Who should buy radial tires?

Putting radials on a car you intend to keep for a while will save money in the long run. But anyone interested in a smooth turnpike ride, excellent steering control and cornering traction will also want radials regardless.

about Radial Tires.

What you should know about the

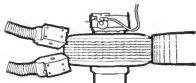
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It says that General Dual-Steel Radial is a balanced tire that will:

(1) wear down to a 1/8" tread depth before requiring a replacement in its tread life; will remain in service for a period of 40,000 miles under normal driving conditions.

(2) maintain working tread depth for a minimum of 40,000 miles under normal driving conditions.

(3) provide a balanced tire that will remain in service for a period of 40,000 miles under normal driving conditions.

(4) provide a balanced tire that will remain in service for a period of 40,000 miles under normal driving conditions.

(5) provide a balanced tire that will remain in service for a period of 40,000 miles under normal driving conditions.

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(11) provide a balanced tire that will remain in service for a period of 40,000 miles under normal driving conditions.

(12) provide a balanced tire that will remain in service for a period of 40,000 miles under normal driving conditions.



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HARNESS RACING

and leading the series, he leans over the fence and yells, "Hey, O'Brien, you shouldn't try to fool Mother Nature." "

O'Brien certainly fooled the people who thought he was too busy to get into the series in the first place. At this time of year he normally trains 25 to 30 young horses at his farm, and then drives over two hours down to Los Alamitos near Long Beach for night racing.

O'Brien's wife Eileen caught up with the drivers in Toronto and it turned out hers was the hand behind the duding up of Joe. "I've been after him quite a while to get new clothes," said Mrs. O'Brien. "Isn't it great?"

Back in the U.S. the pace got more hectic. En route to New Jersey's Freehold Raceway the plane to Philadelphia was almost an hour late, a bus driver hustled everybody off toward Atlantic City instead, which was a 40-mile mistake, there was no time for lunch and the celebrated drivers missed post time for the first three of eight races.

Guzzinati summed it up in the Freehold paddock: "No lunch, no sleep, soon we'll have to live on love."

Or maybe love of winning, which is what he and O'Brien kept on doing. By last Saturday night at Liberty Bell, the tour's final stop, Guzzinati led O'Brien for the championship by a mere 25 points. When O'Brien won the first race and 50 points with a typical drive—sitting on the rail in third, then slipping through in the stretch—the situation was reversed. Guzzinati had to settle for fifth, worth only five points. In the next race a second-place finish (25 points) by Guzzinati and fifth for O'Brien put them dead even at 870.

Grim, tight-lipped and not a new Joe at all by now, O'Brien looked over the pacer he had drawn for the final race, a beast called Scottish Dancer, and shook his head, while Guzzinati pointed to the head pole on his horse, High Ace, and conferred with his interpreter. "Ma-f-e, Ma-f-e," he said, jerking his head to the left. "Is bad." But not too bad once the race began. Guzzinati passed O'Brien at the half to take the lead, and though O'Brien jiggled and jumped as hard as he could, he could not catch the Italian. Indeed, he was lucky to hang in for third place. The final score after 13 days of racing 920-900.

"Primo Joe," Giuseppe said later, extending his hand. "It is my honor to beat best of all."

END



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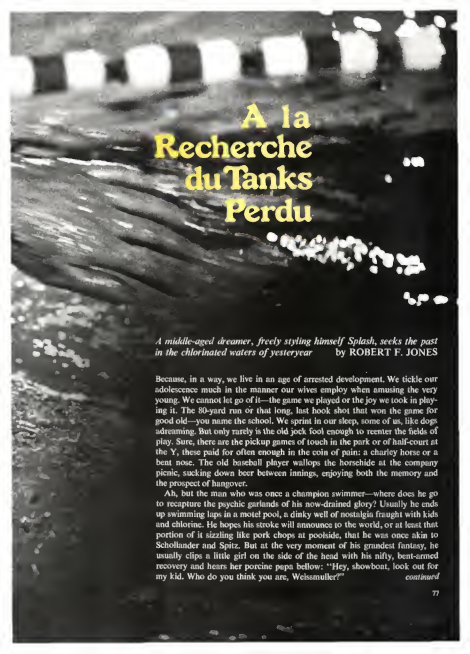


TEN HIGH

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A la Recherche du Tanks Perdu

A middle-aged dreamer, freely styling himself Splash, seeks the past in the chlorinated waters of yesteryear by ROBERT F. JONES

Because, in a way, we live in an age of arrested development. We tickle our adolescence much in the manner our wives employ when amusing the very young. We cannot let go of it—the game we played or the joy we took in playing it. The 80-yard run or that long, last hook shot that won the game for good old—you name the school. We sprint in our sleep, some of us, like dogs adreaming. But only rarely is the old jock fool enough to reenter the fields of play. Sure, there are the pickup games of touch in the park or of half-court at the Y, these paid for often enough in the coin of pain: a charley horse or a bent nose. The old baseball player wallops the horsehide at the company picnic, sucking down beer between innings, enjoying both the memory and the prospect of hangover.

Ah, but the man who was once a champion swimmer—where does he go to recapture the psychic garlands of his now-drained glory? Usually he ends up swimming laps in a motel pool, a dinky well of nostalgia fraught with kids and chlorine. He hopes his stroke will announce to the world, or at least that portion of it sizzling like pork chops at poolside, that he was once akin to Schollander and Spitz. But at the very moment of his grandest fantasy, he usually clips a little girl on the side of the head with his nifty, bent-armed recovery and hears her porcine papa bellow: "Hey, showboat, look out for my kid. Who do you think you are, Weissmuller?" *continued*

The swimmer returns to his laps, chastened, slower, thinking that, after all, the real thrill of swimming was not in the workouts. No, not in those endless, dead-armed hours of emma punctuated by retching. The real thrill was in the race itself, and in the hours leading up to it. He relives the scenario. There was that fine, visceral balance that had to be struck between fear and fury as he shaved down for the meet. Then the dry-throated shimmer of horror when his event was called. Followed by a feeling of calm, yes, of readiness, rising like mercury in the competitive thermometer of his backbone as he mounted the block. A quick glance at the crowd—the grim-faced fathers, the hot-eyed girl friends. And then the climactic moment: the crack of the starter's pistol. . . .

Four ancient swimmers from Wauwatosa, Wis. recently relived those dubious thrills. Hoping against hope, teetering against time, they swam a 200-yard freestyle relay—50 yards per Methyluselah—against four of their inheeritors, topflight members of Wauwatosa West High School's 1971 state championship swimming team. The senior citizens lost, as they knew they would, but not so badly as had been predicted. At the same time they won a victory of Proustian magnitude, a successful search for the past—à la recherche du temps perdu—without the aid of tea cakes. These four men, whose combined ages totaled a century and a half and averaged 38½ years, proved that Thomas Wolfe was a liar: you can go home again!

The instigator of this juvenile exercise was a man whom I shall call Splash, age 37 and possessed by some strange coincidence of the same fingerprints as this article's author. Splash now lives in the exurbs of the Northeast, but in his day as a high school swimmer he was the fastest 50-yard freestyler in the state of Wisconsin and the fourth fastest high school swimmer in that event in the U.S. Lean, swart and crew cut in those years, Splash affected a sullen mien that he thought would score points with the girls, but at heart he was a happy romantic. He believed in competition for its own sake, and knew that the lad with the best attitude would ultimately win—at anything, anywhere provided he trained properly. Four years of college, three in the U.S. Navy, followed by many

more in the corporate dueling *suffer* of New York City had complicated that vision. But Splash was sure his unarticulated major premise was still right, although sportswise, at least, his spreading waistline, balding pate and pallid hide were slowly but surely eroding its credence. "If I could only get back in shape," he would frequently lament over his fifth martini. "If I only had the time. . . ."

Clearly it would take a major psychosocial shock to jolt Splash back into competition. And in the sports world of the 1970s, none of the psychosocial

Splash. And Splash could take "icevee" or he could leave it alone.

Thus he was surprised when the major psychosocial shock actually hit. It came on the commuter train one morning when, in the tattle-tale-gray shirttails of *The New York Times* sports section, he discovered that a 19-year-old girl swimmer—a girl who had swum the 100-meter freestyle faster than Splash had at the age of 22—had retired. Retired because she could no longer "get it on" for swimming. The effect was one of instant outrage, followed by a flush of self-doubt.



Splash's relay teammates and fellow time travelers: Bob Kelle, executive of a heavy-

shocks had any impact. He could not feel outraged pro or con over the plight of the black athlete: he had never particularly wanted to hear Duane Thomas talk, or to smoke pot with him either, for that matter. The premature death of Duck Tiger had moved him, but that was more a geopolitical and medical sorrow (Splash had kind of liked Bafra, but he hated cancer). The trades and fates of athletes in any sport, of any color, were interesting but hardly emotional matters. They all could have been stories on the business page for all Splash cared, and probably should have been. He shared the Western world's mild contempt for Avery Brundage and envied Karl Schranz his commercial cunning. Still, the Olympics was "icevee" to

"How could I have been that stupid to be a swimmer?" he wondered later. "It was like one of those dreams where you suddenly find yourself on Park Avenue in your pajamas. I tore the paragraph from the paper and stuffed it under the seat. I don't even remember the girl's name—Debbie Flyer or one of those cutesy monickers they give the little twerps these days—but I'd know there was a revolution going on in swimming, an earlier start in competition, a tougher training regimen, a total disregard for the sanctity of records, which is as it should be. But this was too much. Over the hill at 19—my sweet Weissmuller! This one cruel development had undercut all my happy memories of swimming, had curdled the milk of my

nostalgia and made me old before my time, as we say. For days I tried to submerge the fact, subliminate it so that my ego might heal, but the ache endured. It was then I realized that we had to swim The Relay."

To Splash, with his love of metaphor, The Relay suddenly seemed to symbolize meaningful transition in an age of instant rejection, a rapid but orderly transfer of confidence and tradition from one man to the next, if not between generations. "I reckoned that if I could get some guys together from our 'Glory Days' and swim them against our coun-

try-class affluence was as sturdy as its stone houses, as neatly clipped as its putting-green lawns, a town where men often took the streetcar to work, or else walked whistling under the elms. Now Milwaukee's sprawl had locked the town in a crablike embrace and the elms were dying—as much, it seemed, of woe as of light. Warehouses and tacky tacky covered the fields where Splash had shot prairie chickens; where woods had grown, freeways run thick with black plastic cars full of pink plastic men in brown plastic suits. Some benevolent authority had placed a concrete bottom in

of aging. Bob White not only remembered Splash, he had often wondered what had become of him. "You might find it hard to believe," he told his young swimmers when Splash arrived, "but this old codger was one of my best freestylers when I first came here during the Boer War." The kids stared at Splash with that steady sneer now known as "cool."

"For a moment there I was put off by the stare," Splash said. "It made me bridle. But then there was a shock of recognition: I had practiced that same look over and over again in the mirror when I was a kid. Instead of going high with dodgeball, I flipped them the bird. It broke them up. Look, this was a damned fine swimming team. They'd won the state championship last year. We old guys had been state champions three years running, and these guys reminded me of us. Their hair was longer, but they had that same cockiness, the same single-mindedness when it came to winning that we had back then. Absurd, that baseless confidence. It's a kind of premature maturity, I guess, but it's one of the best things about sports when you're a kid."

White was keen for The Relay idea—"Oh boy, will we whip you?" he chorled—and, better yet, he knew where three of Splash's peers could be found, all of them former swimming team captains. "I'll bet they'll do it," White said. "They were all dead game."

When Splash telephoned the three men that evening, he found White was right. It was as if the 20 years since the last time the four had raced together had been no more than a break between events. The world had changed radically over those two decades, but it had not affected their bedrock enthusiasm for competition.

Ted Wahlen, for example, at 39 the oldest of the four, had lost a bit of hair but none of his whoop-it-up ebullience. "He had always been a big guy," Splash recalled. "Six feet and change, 200 pounds, wrists like the rest of us have ankles, and a mat of hair on his chest when he was in the eighth grade. He was one of those rare people you meet who never seem to get angry or rattled, never sulk or carry on as if the world is doing a number on them. By the same token, Teddy has not been the quickest of swimmers—his bones and muscles got in the way—but he had grit and wit.

continued

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MURIEL KUTNER



equipment firm; Ted Wahlen, who owns a cleaning outfit; Bob Montag, a postman

terparts on the same high school's team of today," he said, "then even if we lost, which we surely would, we'd at least know the measure of our decline. And perhaps by swimming out our humiliation, we might drown it like a nagging, unwanted alley cat. And what the heck, it would be a lot of fun just to get together again."

On his next trip to Wauwatosa, where his parents still lived, Splash set about locating his relay team. It was not easy. Just finding three old friends still living in one's hometown after a 20-year absence is pure luck in this age of corporate diaspora. During Splash's youth, Wauwatosa had been a small bedroom suburb on the western outskirts of Milwaukee, a quiet, tidy enclave whose mid-

a stretch of the Menomonee River where smallmouth bass had swum.

Yes, much of the past was gone, but not, fortunately, Splash's old high school swimming coach. Not that Robert B. White, 44, of Wauwatosa, is old in any sense of the word. Coach White had been only 23 when he had come north from Indiana University to run the Tosa swim team two decades earlier. He had not changed: energy and wit, an ability to drive kids through the walls of their babyhood, the cruel but kindly scorn of a good coach, even his hairline—none had receded with time's passage. Better yet, the seven-year difference between his age and Splash's, so vast in the old days, had undergone the miraculous shrinkage that is one of the few benefits

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Tanks continued

No, not wit exactly, more like bonhomie. We were lifeguards together for two summers in the county swimming pools. Best job in the world if you can live on \$1.25 an hour. We walked around like God in red shorts, bellowing one-word orders to the 'pygmies'—the little kids—to make them slow down. "Walk!" we would roar, and they'd put on the brakes. Every now and then some pygmy would start to drown, and you'd dive in, deadpan, slap a cross-chest carry on him, haul him ashore and take down his name and address so you could write a letter to his folks. "Dear Sir and/or Madam, Your son and/or daughter nearly drowned in Hoyt Pool this morning and / or afternoon. We suggest swimming lessons, available at the pool . . . etc." A rescue was called a 'jump,' and the best jumps were for teen-age girls, thanks to the cross-chest carry. You kept a record of jumps, and there was a kind of status that accrued to the guard with the most. More status for the girls. Teddy seemed to get the best jumps, because he was so good looking. Teddy and I shared a mutual enthusiasm for early Debra Paget movies, the ones where she was always getting killed by cowboys or volcanoes because she wasn't supposed to be white and couldn't marry the hero. Real romantics. Korea was on then, and Teddy went into the Marines."

Now Ted Wahlen was back in Wauwatosa, big and shaggy as ever (except on top), married and the father of four sons, one of whom was on Coach White's swimming team. "Yeah," said Ted, "my boy Kurt swims the back, the free and the IM"—the IM being what we used to call the injeviddle medley. Wahlen himself worked as a timer for the home meets and often swam laps during the workouts of the age-group swim club White ran at the pool. "I'm in fairly decent shape," he said. "But I've got this strange business—I wash airplanes, buildings, school buses, dump trucks and big things like that. I'm called 'Mr. Porta,' and I've got my own truck. It takes a lot of time and I'm afraid it tightens up my muscles. But yeah, I'd love to swim another relay."

Robert Carl Montag, 39, of the U.S. Postal Service, was just as willing, maybe more so. Montag had been one of Splash's three closest friends during the swimming years; the others had disap-

continued

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Scotch WHISKY
tobacco mellowed with Scotch Whisky

AMPHORA
Hedgehog Selection
Jamaica RUM
tobacco mellowed with light Jamaica Rum

Tanks *continued*

peared, one to become an eye doctor on the West Coast, the other a lawyer somewhere south of Wauwatosa. In those days Montag was known as Moonbeam for his round face and ready grin. A long, jolly kid whose father was an immensely popular butcher on the old German North Side of Milwaukee, Montag possessed not only charm but three very valuable commodities: a .300 Savage lever-action deer rifle, a deck of pornographic playing cards and a 1934 Ford sedan. Up in Rhineland, Wis., where Montag's parents had a lakeside cabin, the boys shot guns on the winter ice and pool in the local saloons. In Wauwatosa, rendered mobile by Moonbeam's machine, they were the original "lonely teen-age broncin' bucks."

Montag remembers: "Gee, in a lot of ways high school was the best time of my life. That old '34 Ford—the way we used to do spins on purpose when the roads were icy or go down to the South Side and look for fights with those

Polish kids! I could never grow a D.A. because my hair was too curly. I don't know what it was—we were *daring* then. Now I'm a letter carrier. I walk 15 miles a day. I've got Mace for the dogs, but you'd have to be Billy the Kid to use it, the way they come up on you. You have to hit 'em in the face. In weather like this—it was 22° below last week—the Mace turns into a Popsicle. A dog bit me a couple of years ago. The lady who owns him was walking her other dog and her big one came around the corner of the house and blindsided me. 'Does it hurt?' she asked me. 'Lady,' I said, 'get the dog offa me.' She came up a bit closer, smiling kind of nice. 'I hope he isn't hurting you,' she said. I said, 'Lady, would you please get him offa me?' The leg puffed up like a loaf of bread. I'm afraid of every dog now, and they know it. Even cats chase me sometimes."

Bob Kelbe was the final member of The Relay, and far and away the best

"natural athlete" of the lot. At the age of 38 he weighed less (166 pounds) than he had when he was swimming in high school (170). Although he now wore glasses, Kelbe's hairline had not receded half an inch and the spring in his long, wiry shanks, which had given him the best start Splash had ever seen, was cooled as taut as ever. Kelbe was now the vice-president of a family-owned heavy-equipment business. In the lot outside the raw, concrete-block headquarters of Kelbe Bros. Equipment Co., Butler, Wis., stood a 140-foot crane. "You can have it for just \$124,516.25," Bob told Splash. "That includes tax."

Kelbe's twin brother Ray, who had been known as Whitey, was now living in California. The twins had probably been the most dynamic sporting duo Wauwatosa ever produced: hockey, football, track, golf, skiing and swimming, they had excelled at each. What's more, they were musical. Whitey played the trumpet, Bob the sousaphone. Both had

continued



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for 20 U.S. teams at the
'72 Olympics in Munich.

Tanks

outlined their high school swimbats and produced handsome children. "You couldn't help but envy them their skills," said Splash. "I remember watching them play a pickup game of hockey on the Mesquonome River. It was one of those wind-swept Wisconsin days when even the geese weren't flying. Those guys had all the dekes I had ever seen, and when they checked a guy he ended up in the bathtubs on the river bank. I used to chase them downhill on skis at Currie Park. They went through the trees like those proverbial warhats you read about in the sports pages. I ended up with one ski on either side of a pine trunk. When I started breaking Bob's freshman swimming records, he was a year ahead of me at Tosa. I couldn't quite believe it. Maybe he'd spread himself with them, while I was concentrating my energy on swimming. I always knew he was a better jock than I was."

Kelbie recalls it differently. Watching Bob White's team working out one day before The Relays, he marveled at the endurance of the kids. "When I first tried out for the swim team, I wanted to be a diver," he said. "A coach said I was too skinny. I couldn't compress the heard hard enough. He gave me a time trial for 25 yards, and I couldn't even sprint the whole distance. These kids go flat out for 200 yards at the age of 10. But you know swimming taught me something. Remember how it was when you'd see some other guy's arms, just a hint, a brown tint flashing ahead of you during a race? Sometimes it was an optical illusion, a psychological quirk, but you'd pull all the harder, keep trying, don't let that son of a gun beat you. It taught me to keep at it. Teachers and grownups always told you to 'keep at it,' but you couldn't believe them until you felt it, and I first began to feel it in swimming. I swam at the University of Wisconsin, but it wasn't the same, the pool was a bathtub. I studied 'light construction' in the business school, we didn't have to take history or English or psychology or any of that stuff. I had one course in forest products where as a test we had

to sniff and taste 30 pieces of wood and identify them. I'm now an expert on "Toothpicks of North America."

Then it was time for the workout. The kids would cover 5,000 yards that afternoon, nearly three miles, with variously paced combinations of pulling, kicking and full stroke, no single segment amounting to less than 200 yards. "My God," said Montag with awe, "if we swam 5,000 yards a week we were going some." White chuckled with the friendly sadness of a good coach. "That's one of the main reasons why the sport has changed so much since your time," he said. "Doc Counsilman is the man

who's 'em down and peak 'em up. This is the fast lane, here. Why don't your guys drop in at the tail end of the line and see how fast they go?"

They went plenty fast enough. Splash found himself a slot in the round-robin line behind a backstroker, a lanky, easy-going kid who seemed to be dawdling. "I thought I'd outfox them," he said. "A freestyle swimmer behind a backstroker. I could take it easy in the wake of his toes. But those big feet kept pulling away from me after the first 50 yards. I put on a bit more power, but it wasn't there. It was like hitting the gas pedal when the tank is empty. It turned out

later that the backstroker was a 16-year-old named Mark Vink who was the fastest 100-yard backstroker in the state, with a time of 56.2. Finally I did let myself fall behind slowly, knowing the memories. The smell of chlorine and warm water and the hollow sound of kicking and pulling: they had been ritual parts of my life from the age of 11 to 22, but I had not been aware of them often no more than I am now of the stench and clangor of the commuter train. These were the better sensations. After a few laps your mind goes into a kind of free-association trance. Great gods of unconscious material drift into sight, as if your hands were digging up the sediment of memory with every stroke. I found myself thinking of the summer outdoor meets, the sun on the hard blue water with shock waves over the loudspeaker and the girl swimmers, whom we saw only at those kinds of meets, with their strong tanned necks and their nipples showing under their nylon tank suits. The memory eased the sting of that little girl going so fast that damned Diana Dryad."

Leaving the workout that evening, the oldsters had another memory stirred. It was cold and black in the high school parking lot, with that sharp frigidity of the northern winter that makes nostrils tick at each breath. Their muscles were loose from swimming and steam rose from their coat sleeves and collars. "Hey," yelled Montag suddenly. "I look at the halos! I'd forgotten the halos."



Relay swimmers compete for honors. (Montag, Counsilman, White)

to them. He showed that old memory does a subtle sport up until the red 400s, and he really made his kids work. Swim through the pain barrier, swim until you've puked out all of your self-pity and your natural tendency to coddle yourself." White looked at his boys lapping through their laps, checking their splits on the big pace clocks at the starting end of the 25-yard pool. "I can tell them to swim four 200s at four seconds above their best time, and they can do it, some of them without even looking at the clock. As the season wears along and we get closer to the state meet, I'll reduce the workouts to 2,000 yards,

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Sure enough, every light in Wauwatosa wore a subtle nimbus, the gift of the chlorine in the warm water reacting on their now-bloodshot eyeballs. It is the single most distinguishing—and indeed formative—psychophysical attribute of the competitive swimmer. After every workout the world seems to have achieved instant sanctity through his dreary, weary eyes, thanks, no doubt, to his own hard work and the commensurate grace with which he was rewarded. Kelbe, at least, could no longer be deceived by the halos. “When I get home,” he said wryly, “my wife and kids will take one look at my eyeballs and figure I’ve been out drinking, that’s all.”

Three afternoons under Coach White’s tutelage did little to return the old swimmers to their former speed. Except, that is, for Kelbe, who had never lost it. The others managed to recover a few lost skills, like flipping their turns and snapping their towels. “These guys aren’t that tough,” Montag confided after one workout. “Why don’t we make it a double event—the relay and a towel-snapping contest? So what if they beat us swimming, we can take our revenge afterward!” He cracked his towel with the long, deft wrist snap that had made him the terror of Wisconsin swimming two decades earlier and neatly removed an inch-deep gouge from a bar of soap in the shower room. “Touche, you athletic little creep!” He had pecked out the “i” in *Lifebuoy*.

So it was all back together, finally—the smells and the colors, the work and the play, four friends who had remained teammates through 20 years. All that remained to be done was the swimming of *The Relay* itself, and the psychological game that would have to precede it if the recapture of the past was to be complete.

“I really doubted that I could ‘get up’ for it after all those years away,” Splash confessed later. “I mean, we knew we couldn’t beat them, and without at least the illusion of possible victory, how could we pretend to ourselves that defeat would hurt? Still, by God—and this is one of the greatest things I’ve ever gotten out of anything in my experience—it was there, it didn’t fail me. I looked at my watch when I felt it start. Just 23 minutes after noon on the day of *The Relay*. Regular as clockwork, as they say, just like it was in the old days. At

first it was only a flicker, a brief pre-occupation, a butterfly emerging from its cocoon. I helped it along with some of the old rituals. A few curses, as obscene as I could make them, directed not only against my opponents and my coach but against myself for letting me get into so grave a confrontation. The butterfly grew stronger with every obscenity I fed it further with a mug of hot, strong tea—Earl Grey, as I recall—so thickly laced with honey that you could feel it in your wrist when you stirred. I hadn’t shaved or brushed my teeth that day, another of the old rituals. Makes you meaner and tougher, we used to believe. The butterfly began to flap its wings down at the base of my spinal cord, and pretty soon there were a dozen more ticking and flapping at the top of my gut.

“The afternoon wore along with perfect symmetry. I was alone in my father’s house, watching the Wisconsin winter through the big picture windows—goldfinches and cardinals at the bird feeder, flights of mallards rising and circling and landing on the Menomonee across the road, icicles dripping from the eaves and then freezing again as the sun went down—but I wasn’t seeing a bit of it. I was seeing instead the hard blue water of the near future, with Montag coming out of the turn at the far end of the pool and lurching back toward me with his fast, awkward stroke, me waiting on the block to take my own start. Sometimes in my reverie Montag would stop cold in the middle of the lap and drown: dead of an exploded memory, the victim of my nostalgic madness. Other times he would put on a surge reminiscent of Don Hill or Dick Cleveland back in my college swimming days, and give me a body-length’s lead when it was my turn to start. Mostly I just scowled and sat and felt the butterflies trying to get out.”

By the time Splash joined his grizzled huddles at the pool that evening, all of them were up and ready. They were outfitted in the same cardinal-red tank suits they had worn on the old team, while the young swimmers wore a newer, hipper green and gold. (During workouts, White allowed the whole team to wear whatever color or patterns they preferred, a concession to the New Generation many less successful coaches have been leath to make.) It was obvious

that the old guys were feeling competitive. “We used to drink our tea and honey to get charged up,” said Kelbe, watching the youngsters. “They probably do this, . . .” And, laughing, he shot an imaginary hypodermic needle into his forearm.

White had spared his old swimmers nothing. Kelbe, lead-off man for the ancients on the strength of his start, would face Mark Unak, the deceptively quick back-stroker who, it turned out, was also a considerable freestyler. Wahlen would go against Mark Irgens, also 16, a sub-24-second freestyler over 50 yards. Montag was pitting his mailman’s stride (not to mention his beer drinker’s gut) against a mere sophomore 15-year-old Bob Selbs, who had swum the 50 in 22.4 just a week earlier (as against Montag’s best-ever 24.8). In the anchor slot, Splash would be up against Coach White’s very own son, Tim, age 16, who has done 1:52.9 over 200 yards freestyle. God and the coach only knew what young White could do for 50. “Don’t worry,” Tim whispered to Splash as they lined up for the race. “I was out sick for the past few weeks and I probably won’t even finish.” Then he ripped his muscles and laughed uproariously. “It was a nightmare,” Splash said later.

But nothing proved more nightmarish than when Splash overheard the team manager—a tall, pale kid—wagering that the youngsters would beat the ancients by two lengths of the pool. The kid was carrying a calendar—“the better to time you with”—In Splash’s day the team managers had been fat, sycophantic types. This one was as sly as Teddy Brenner. “Do you mean that your anchor man will finish before our anchor man takes off?” Splash asked. “Yeah,” said the kid. “How much you bet?” asked Splash. “Well, let’s say two bits.” Splash hesitated a moment, the horror of that quarter looming beyond loss in his mind. “O.K., you’re on,” he sighed. The tall, pale kid smirked and clicked his stopwatch. Or was it his bubble gum?

The crowd that had gathered for *The Relay*—word of which had filtered through the school’s 1,150 students and among the old swimmers’ kinfolk—included enough longhairs and graybeards to belie the generation gap. It was difficult to judge who was the prettier, the wives of the old swimmers or the girl friends of the young, particularly since

continued

Tanks

Kelbe's high-school-age daughters were sitting near their mother. "By this time my mind was doing time trips," Splash said later. "I could see Kelbe's wife—I'd known her as Kathleen Berger in high school—up in the stands and these other girls just beneath her. Kathleen would suddenly look to be about 16, and then she'd look severe, matured, and then she'd look 16 again. I'd look at Wahlen's boys laughing in the grandstand, and I'd see Teddy laughing it up on the lifeguard stand at Hoyt Pool, but then Teddy was standing next to me, grave and balding with his happy eyes, saying, 'Let's go get 'em.' I didn't know if I was 15 or 50. Unak was just finishing his warmup, and he snapped me back into focus. He climbed out of the pool and rifled his eyes, which were red with chlorine, and said in a very loud, snort-sneak voice, like I had when I was his age: 'They used this chlorine on the Germans in World War I and now they're using it on us.' It was right then that I knew what time it was."

The time, real time, started a minute later, when White brought the swimmers to their marks and fired his gun. If there were a winter's equivalent of slo-mo, it would be nice to freeze those few instants between words and the gun. Kelbe took his mark with the control of a yogi, bending at the waist until his fingertips were aligned with his toes, his fingers spread slightly and flexed, his eyes bent uncompetitively, almost obsequiously, downward. But in the instant of the gunshot, his eyes flicked up and out, toward the far end of the pool, as his arms came backward and around and his legs uncoupled in the start.

"Hawk's eyes make for hawk's flight," Splash said later. "Kelbe whepped that kid off the block by half a body length. The old guys suddenly thought the whole box of hope—maybe we could win! Kelbe stayed with Unak into the turn, but when we were swimming you had to touch the wall with your hand, which Kelbe did. Now they can flip their turn a yard from the wall, letting only their feet hit

the wall for the pushoff. Unak flopped very nicely."

And that was it too, hope, but not for competition. Wahlen, starting half a body length in arrears, wheeled the water to a froth, his heavy muscles pulling against his will to win—heart against buoyancy, as Splash saw it. Montag took off with half the pool to make up and no hope of collecting it. He moved with the rolling stroke of a modern swimmer, his arms snapping into the water with the hite of his towel snaps, he hit his turn with precision and came streaking out of it like the Montag of old. Splash got up on the block, waiting for his chance to swim. Montag was 15 yards away when Timmy White took off beside Splash.

"I knew there wasn't any way they could double-lap us now," Splash recalled. "I knew I'd collect my quarter from that manager. And when Montag came up to the finish of his 50, I was hell-bent on catching Timmy even though he was almost into his turn before I'd even started. I think I fouled my start, but that didn't really matter. I'm a cheat at heart. When I hit the water, there was this splat of fat and energy. Then it was all just blue and unger. The first 25 yards went in a blaze. I screwed up my turn something awful, trying to flip it a yard outside like the kids were doing. I didn't have the momentum to get me into the wall deep enough for a good pushoff. But I swam the last gasp. I mean the

last gasp as hard as I ever laid. The psych I'd given myself—that the other guys had given me—was so strong, so absurd, that I actually thought I was swimming fast, that I was catching up to the kid. I put on a conscious surge at the end, over the last 10 yards, and slapped my hand into the wall as hard as I'd ever done during the Cold War. Gee, it was fun."

The young guys had beaten the old guys by enough of a margin to break unofficially—the existing state record for the 200-yard freestyle relay. Their time 1:34.2, two-tenths of a second below the mark set only a week earlier in the state-wide Cardinal Relays. And this after a full day's workout of 5,000 yards, followed by dinner, homework and chlorine jokes. The old guys had swum their 200 yards in 1:52.2, only 10 seconds slower than their best collective time two decades earlier, followed by war, marriage and nostalgia.

"After The Relay we went down to Karl Ratsch's restaurant to celebrate our defeat," said Splash. "It was a fitting conclusion, as they say. After all, most of our training over the past 20 years had been in saloons like this one, many of them less elegant. I had my five martinis and a few Ashach Unak brandies to boot, and of course I felt an immense affection for these guys, not just Wahlen, Montag and Kelbe, but Coach White, too. I still don't know how much of that affection was booze and how much was simple exhaustion, but it felt mighty nice."

"The nicest thing, though, was right after The Relay, when the kid I'd bet with came up to me to pay off his quarter. I could see it gleaming in his hand, a sandwich of copper-on-nickel, the coinage of the present, but perhaps than the coinage of the past. But it had a halo around it, by God! Anyway, I told the kid to keep it. I told him to buy himself a peanut butter-and-jelly sandwich next time he ate lunch in the high school cafeteria. I told him it might arrest his development."

END



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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week May 2-8

BARRETTBALL—AAU Indiana won while New York, down three games to two, swept past Virginia into the championship. The Nets, aided by Rick Barry and John Roche's combined 80 points, taught the Squares by taking a 144-134 scoring war on Long Island. With Billy Packer leading in both departments, New York shot an amazing 67.5 from the floor and, for the first time in the series, outscored the Squares. There were plenty of rebounds in the seventh game (the Nets lost 47-37), the Squares just 37-47, and again New York got the coach's share. But it was Virginia's inability to score in the late 1:20 that allowed the Nets to mount from 30-41 to a 94-82 win. Happy Coach Leo Cunniff expressed, "We've learned to play together. We've gained so much maturity." Asked about the series with Indiana, he chuckled, "We don't need a plane. We can fly there right now." They took a plane anyway, stopping three times, and a bus for the last 50 miles. Then Indiana, paced by veteran guard Freddie Lewis' 33 points, ate the Nets' supper 124-107.

NBA LOS ANGELES defeated New York 114-100 to give the Lakers their first NBA championship since moving from Minneapolis (page 29).

BOXING—MUHAMMAD ALI won a unanimous 12-round decision over Canada's George Chuvalo at the Pacific Coliseum in Vancouver, British Columbia (page 31).

World Junior Multisport Champion KOCHI WADINA of Japan defended his title with a first-round knockout of Italy's Domenico Terna in a scheduled 15-rounder in 4 seconds, Japan.

BASEBALL—CHI CHI RODRIGUEZ took a five-run inning on the first base of a sudden-death playoff with New York to bring the \$2,000 prize in the \$12,000 run-in-playoff byron to first place at the Preston Trust Country Club in Dallas.

DANNY EDWARDS of Oklahoma State University upset defending champion Eddie Frazier of Wake Forest 3 and 1 to win the South and South-west golf tournament at the Piedmont Country Club in North Carolina.

BETTY BURFEINDT of Canada, N.Y., shot a first-round 69 for a 282 total to capture the \$50,000 Ladies Professional Golf Association Classic by four strokes over Kathy Allen.

HARVARD BEINGS—Stanley Dorman drove SILENT HARBORITY (151-80) to victory in the \$25,000 Boston Harbor 3-Year-Old Invitation Pace at Rockingham Park in Salem, N.H. Harbortory finished second, three-quarters of a length back.

HOCKEY—BOSTON beat New York 2-1 to take a 3-1 lead in their Stanley Cup series (page 61).

Earlier in the week, all about the Canadians' KEN URYEN (formerly referred to as Bobby Orr) and Phil Esposito's strong growth. Last week, the Montreal guide won the Calder Memorial Trophy as the NHL's rookie of the year. BOBBY ORR was the Hart Memorial Trophy as Most Valuable Player for the third straight year and the James Norris Memorial Trophy (three consecutive) for the fifth straight year. Bobby Orr, the last man to win the Norris Trophy, had said in 1967, "I'm glad I won it now. So long but Orr will win it for the next 20 years." PHIL ESPOSITO captured the Art Ross Trophy as the league's highest scorer for the third time in four years (1961 was it in 1960) while his brother TONY and fellow Chicago Hawk LAUREY SMITH shared the Vezina Trophy for allowing the fewest goals. New York's IRAN RAYELLE, who scored 109 points while drawing only two penalties, was awarded the Lady Byng Memorial Trophy for combining clean play with skill.

HORSE RACING—RIVA RIDGE 155-60, Ron Tuck, won the 9th running of the Kentucky Derby at Churchill Downs in 34 lengths over his foe Hoot (page 20).

LACROSSE—Second-ranked MARYLAND, leading team for next week's showdown with unbeaten Johns Hopkins, captured past Virginia 11-9 to win the Atlantic Coast Conference championship. The Terps trailed 4-1 early in the contest and finally broke a 9-9 tie with five minutes left when Doug Belencher scored an unassisted goal from 43 feet. Once-beaten MOUNT WASHINGTON, paced by Boston McCarthy's three goals and one assist, kept alive its hopes of overtaking the Dartmouth College Club in the Southern Division last with a 6-1 win over the New York Lacrosse Club in a night game in Baltimore.

MOTOR SPORTS—JIM RYAN of Pittsburgh of Ford's Ford 270 cc. won the Spanish Grand Prix in Madrid. Jackie Brabham finished second while Jackie Stewart, Denis Hulme and Martin Andretti had mechanical problems and failed to complete the course. Fitzpatrick is now tied with Hulme for first place in the world championship standings.

ROWING—HARVARD'S undefeated Henry Wright won the Adams Cup on a tough, windy July 4th Regatta in Philadelphia over two other previously unbeaten crews. Navy and Penn. Harvard covered the 2,000 meters in 4:26.2 to outpace the Navy by 1/10 lengths while Penn. which had led in the early going in a new shell christened just before the start of the race, sank at the halfway mark.

Harvard's lightweight crew completed its eighth straight perfect season with a two-length victory over Princeton and Yale in the Goldwater Cup Race on the Charles River.

SOCCER—LIEDS UNITED scored a 1-0 victory over Arsenal in the defenseless champions in the Consolation Cup final, before a crowd of 100,000 in Wembley Stadium. The winning goal came in the minutes into the second half of a header by Alan Clarke, Leeds center forward.

TENNIS—SHILLIE LEAN KING finished the Virginia Slims women's-singles circuit as the leading money-winner (\$30,300) when she defeated Nancy Krich's 6-1, 6-1 in the finals of the \$20,000 Indianapolis tournament. Mrs. Krich is a close second in the money standings with \$26,835.

WASH. & PULS.—World record-holder JOHN SMITH won the 440-yd dash in 43.3 and repeated that time while also leading the underdog team to lead U.C. Los Angeles 76-69 in a dual meet at the Coliseum in Los Angeles (page 24).

WRESTLING—APPOINTED An head football coach at Oklahoma State University, DAVE SMITH, is expected to leave OSU, who will devote full time to his duties as athletic director.

CANCELLED World Hockey Association franchises in MIAMI and VICTORIA, Canada, for failure to meet the deadline for posting the necessary \$100,000 performance bond. Gary L. Davidson, president of the new league, threatened to sue. "We have 10 teams and we have 10 teams," he said.

FOOTBALL Assault on the Vancouver Canucks, VIC MANUKE, 10 days after he was fired from the same post with the California Golden State Seals. Seals will replace Ray Larson, who has signed a one-year contract as vice-president in charge of player development for the Canucks.

NAME D. As general manager of the Utah Stars, ARNOLD KERRIN, a four-time A.L. League, for the University of Utah. He succeeds Vince Boryla, who resigns his post as president of the Stars.

SHAWED For a one-year contract worth \$45,000, with the Oakland Athletics, VIDA RULIS, the American League's 1970 Most Valuable Player and U.S. Young Adult winner.

TRADING In the California Angels, right-handed pitcher TONY MURPHY, 26, to the Kansas City Royals for first baseman-Durbin HOBBS, 24. R. 24, both were off last season after extensive 1970 campaigns. Murphy slumped to 17 from 11-13 but was scouted by both clubs and then 2-11 from. Obert hit just eight homers, and batted in 32 runs after 27 homers and 99 RBIs in 1970.

CREDITS

7—Hank Kuttner at 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000.

FACES IN THE CROWD

DENISE TENNEY, a junior at Cleveland Hill High in Cheektowake, N.Y., became the only girl ever to win a New York state gymnastic championship. She won the ribboning title with a 7.40 rating, defeating defending champion Darryl Clark of Elmhurst.

JOHN LUCAS, a senior at Hillsdale High in Durham, N.C., averaged a state high of 34.9 points a game and was named to the All-State basketball team. He also has won the state high school tennis singles title twice and last summer was named to the Junior Davis Cup team.

DEBBIE MCGAFFNEY, a versatile senior at Millville (N.J.) High, made first teams all-conference in field hockey and basketball for two straight years and is the No. 1-ranked girls' singles tennis player in South Jersey, never having lost a match in two varsity seasons.

GRAG BRUGHAN, a senior at South Eugene (Ore.) High, scored 7,523 points in the University of Oregon's Twilight Track Meet, total that broke his own three-week-old national high school record. His previous mark had eroded a record set in 1953.

TED MARCY, a senior at Hinsdale III Central High, won the national AAU premiership horse title. Earlier he averaged a record 9.75 in the state high school finals to run his unbeaten streak to 34 matches and take his second straight state horse title.

MUE CLARK, the girls' tennis coach at Tucson High since 1957, has guided her team to 213 victories without a loss, with all but 17 matches won by a 7-0 score. Her teams have won 15 leagues and 1 state championships and totaled 1,407 points to their opponents' 64.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

DERBY WEEK

Sirs,

I have been a subscriber to your magazine for many years but never have I seen or read a better article than *When the Saw Shouts Right* (May 1) on Kentucky Derby Week, as depicted by W. B. Park. Sport would be little more than an exercise for participants if it were not for the spectator, and Aristi-Narrator Park performs the difficult task of placing the reader in the midst of the crowd—be it in the unforgettable infield or the inaccessible pethouse. Mr. Park obviously glistened through the playing of Mr. Old Kentucky Horse and cheered a winner or two across the finish line at Churchill Downs. Allow me to thank him for extending to the rest of your readers a bit of the euphoria we Kentuckians are fortunate enough to experience the first week in every May.

PHILIP BRUCE LESLIE

Greentop, Ky

Sirs,

Aristi Bill Park's depiction of Derby Week was right on the beam, and he rekindled my enthusiasm to journey the 300 miles that separate me from Louisville. You don't attend a two-minute horse race when you attend the Derby; you experience an unforgettable piece of Americana.

DANA L. RIVERS

Davenport, Iowa

SWITCHED HITTERS

Sirs,

Your May 1 article on the Texas Rangers (*Sirs: Hoare on the Runer*) was not only offensive but misleading. Harold Peterson gives the distinct impression that the Rangers (former Senators) have found paradise in the Dallas-Arlington-Fort Worth community. I should like to bring to Mr. Peterson's attention some interesting statistics concerning the attendance figures for the first five Texas Ranger games compared to the 1973 Washington Senators.

1973 SENATORS	1973 RANGERS
April 5 45,061	April 21 20,105
9 25,079	22 5,517
10 6,412	23 11,586*
11 24,358*	24 5,561
12 7,192	25 10,213
108,302	52,982

* *Swans Swallow game*

As a long-suffering fan, I hope this says something for Washington. It has always been a good baseball town and still is. Sure, you can blame the strike for the low attendance figures, but Texas was supposedly baseball-hungry. As far as I am concerned, Bob Short has done it again, and he deserves it. As everyone knows, the Rangers will finish last in the American West for three reasons: 1) their manager is Ted Wil-

liams; 2) their owner is Bob Short; and 3) with Toby Harrah at shortstop, how far can you go?

PATRICK MCCOY is

Annandale, Va.

Sirs,

Being a Washington sports fan, I've had it with comments being made about the capital by those dime-a-duren Texas Rangers. I was hardly surprised when that 100-biter, Toby Harrah, said Washington baseball fans were apolitic. If he was excited by his evasions from the 20,305 "friends and neighbors" at the Rangers' opening game this year, then maybe he should try and think back to the first game of the 1973 season: Toby Harrah received many evasions from the 45,000 fans for his performance against Vida Blue and the Oakland A's.

It is about time those Rangers from Texas learned to play the game and forget the cheap comments about Washington. Washington is better off without Bob Short and is looking to the future for another team. We don't need the Rangers' rudeness.

TOM SCHALLER

Elon College, N.C.

THE THOMAS'S GAME

Sirs,

Hooray for SI! A major article on lacrosse (*One Stick Rebuilds the Hopland Dynasty*), May 13 right up there in front between the new baseball (ugh!) season and the Stanley Cup and NBA playoffs. Even though lacrosse suffers from a definite lack of exposure in the national media, it remains the sport here, "in the only part of the nation where such a curiosity can exist," to quote Larry Keith.

While the exploits of Jack, the youngest Thomas, are obviously material for an article, those of his father are long overdue for recognition. The lacrosse dynasty Bill Thomas has established at Towson High is unequalled anywhere in the nation. Coach Thomas is currently bidding for his fifth consecutive Baltimore County championship, and his teams have a record of 107-7-1 since 1961. Approximately 40 Towson players have become All-Americans in college. Thomas' greatest pride as a coach comes in seeing every boy who plays for him go on to college through lacrosse.

So while we devotees of the fastest sport on two feet anxiously await any future lacrosse articles you may send our way, we thank SI for bringing the famous lacrosse name of Thomas to nationwide attention. Maybe next time you will feature the father and thus see part of the reason behind the accomplishments of the son.

BOB HALL

Cockeysville, Md.

Sirs,

I was ecstatic to see lacrosse get some well-deserved coverage in the person of my brother, Jack Thomas, who really is lacrosse, motherhood and apple pie!

On the other hand, I was heartsick to be the only Thomas ignored. Here I am, the unmentioned sister, one of lacrosse's greatest boosters (even my six-month-old daughter has an 18-inch stick), and my chance to appear in print in *SIRIUS* illustrated was blown!

We'll sell the country on lacrosse yet.

MARY PAT THOMAS KAPLAN

Dallas

ECOLOGY (CONT.)

Sirs,

All I can say is bravo to Bill Gilbert (*Gospel of Fodor Prophets*, April 24) for writing an article I have been waiting a long time to read. As a forester, I am often confronted with "instant ecologists" who try to dictate what they think is ecologically sound for the forest. To give you just one example, these weekend warriors are often horrified at the cutting of a tree. They don't realize that nature has its own way of felling trees through forest fires, disease and insect infestation.

Thanks again for exposing ecology.

GEORGE TOWLER

Old Forge, N.Y.

Sirs,

While Bill Gilbert's article quite humorously points out some misuses of the word ecology, much of what he says does a disservice to the environmental movement. It is hardly accurate to describe the conservation movement, which has opposed the development of the SSI, the turning of streams into ditches by channelization and the devastation of land by strip mining, as "a rather pathetic attempt on the part of man to hold back the forces of change." The forces of change we wish to hold back are not those of nature, but those that stem from man's destruction of the very ecosystem on which he depends.

BRENE BLACKWELLER

Washington Representative

Environmental Policy Center

Washington

Sirs,

Bill Gilbert is an ecological Anthea Bunker.

JIM M. BROWN

Lake Charles, La.

Sirs,

Perhaps Bill Gilbert's article is as negative toward the field of sports as it appears to be toward environmentalists. In

continued



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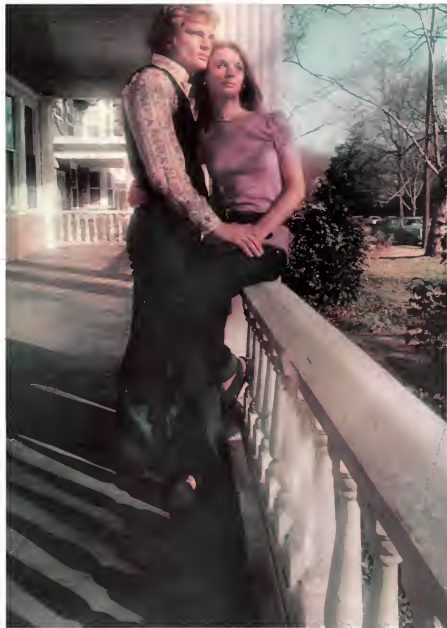
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these tissues. Tests by doctors proved this true in many cases.

The medication used in these tests was Preparation H. And no prescription is needed for Preparation H. Ointment or suppositories.

19TH HOLE

Los Angeles (and his) are well known to play to drive sport on empty-air there. There are many signs on this matter which can no longer be used for swimming, fishing or even sailing. There are thousands of countries where the game is gone.

What is Gilbert's point? Why has he chosen and SI permitted him to concentrate upon the peanut-gallery aspects of a deathly serious topic? How can SI portion out four pages to a writer who makes such conclusions as "Whatever the outcome, 50 in 0 billions, we can rest assured that there will still be ecology?"

KENNETH E. CURRY

Sepulveda, Calif.

SIX

Although Gilbert makes a good point in two concerning the use of the word "ecology," his leaning toward predestination makes him sound like the fabled prophet of all.

The last part of the article was so infuriating that I concluded he was either writing with tongue in cheek or being purposeful and unnecessarily controversial. I hope everyone will see through his distortions and misunderstandings and give no heed to the article.

JOHN OTTO OLSEN

Fort Kent, Maine

THE MINDS

SIX

It is about time writers took a little recognition away from the glamour game (the major leagues) and gave it to minor league ballplayers. *It Ain't But the Border*, April 24. It is obvious that these men work hard, hoping for that one chance to make the big time, but it is a pity that too many never get the chance. Everyone realizes minor league players receive little money and the quote, "These mumps does not buy happiness," is an excellent summary of the heart, guts and pride these real ballplayers possess. Roy Blount Jr., I commend you.

DANIEL DEAN

Keyport, N.J.

SIX

A flood of memories came back at the sight of your pictorial feature on minor league ball parks. My memories are of Memorial Stadium in York, Pa. and the White Roses of the Eastern League and, before that, the Piedmont League in the late '50s and early '60s. Brooks Robinson played for York, as did Bob Bouda, Jim Beane, Jim Dalton Jones, Wilbur Wood, Hank Allen, Jim French, Dick Bosman and Casey Cox. The opposition included such rising stars as Jim Perry, Jose Pagan, Matty Alou, Tom Haller, Juan Marchal, Manny Mota, Tom Tresh, Walt Bond, Miltot Grant, Ron Petrocelli, George Scott and Reggie Smith. There were many more, of course, but these

continued

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Soaring



10TH HOLE *(continued)*

are the particular players who stand out in my memory.

York was, during this period, affiliated with the Cardinals, Red Sox, Senators and Pirates. But that is the past. The future is somewhat gloomier. The irony of the situation is that York still has a good stadium, which is more than other former minor league towns can offer. Memorial Stadium has adequate seating capacity, good parking facilities, excellent lighting and, best of all, an Astro-Turf infield. It seems a shame to have to use such a stadium only for softball— even world-class softball— instead of professional baseball as well. I, for one, would like to see minor league baseball return to York.

DOUGLAS A. FURBER

Hanover, Pa.

Six

We enjoyed very much Roy Bloom's article. However, not all minor league stadiums are as depicted in the story. Albuquerque is proud to have the most modern and most beautiful minor league stadium in the nation. Built in 1991, it is the home of the Triple A Pacific Coast League Albuquerque Dukes, the top farm club of the Los Angeles Dodgers. Seating 10,510, it features the only drive-in viewing area of any professional ball park in the country. It is also the only minor league stadium with a first-class lounge and Stadium Club open daily to the public.

Attendance at professional baseball games the past three years has topped 571,000, which makes Albuquerque one of the best cities in minor league baseball.

CHARLES BRINLEY
General Manager
Albuquerque Dukes

Albuquerque

SCORE ONE TOUCH

Six

I was glad to see your article ("To Fly Better to Waste than Be Wasted, April 24) on fencing, one of the most ignored sports in the U.S. The public fails to appreciate the effort, training and knowledge that go into the making of a successful fencer. Many people do not even know that fencing is an Olympic sport, much less that the U.S. team has a chance to make a good showing with members like Tyrone Simmonds of the University of Detroit. So congratulations and thank you for an article that not only describes one of the finest young fencers in America today but also makes an attempt to explain a much misunderstood sport.

MARIA EDELMAN

Park Ridge, Ill.

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